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THE
LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST
FOR THE YOUNG

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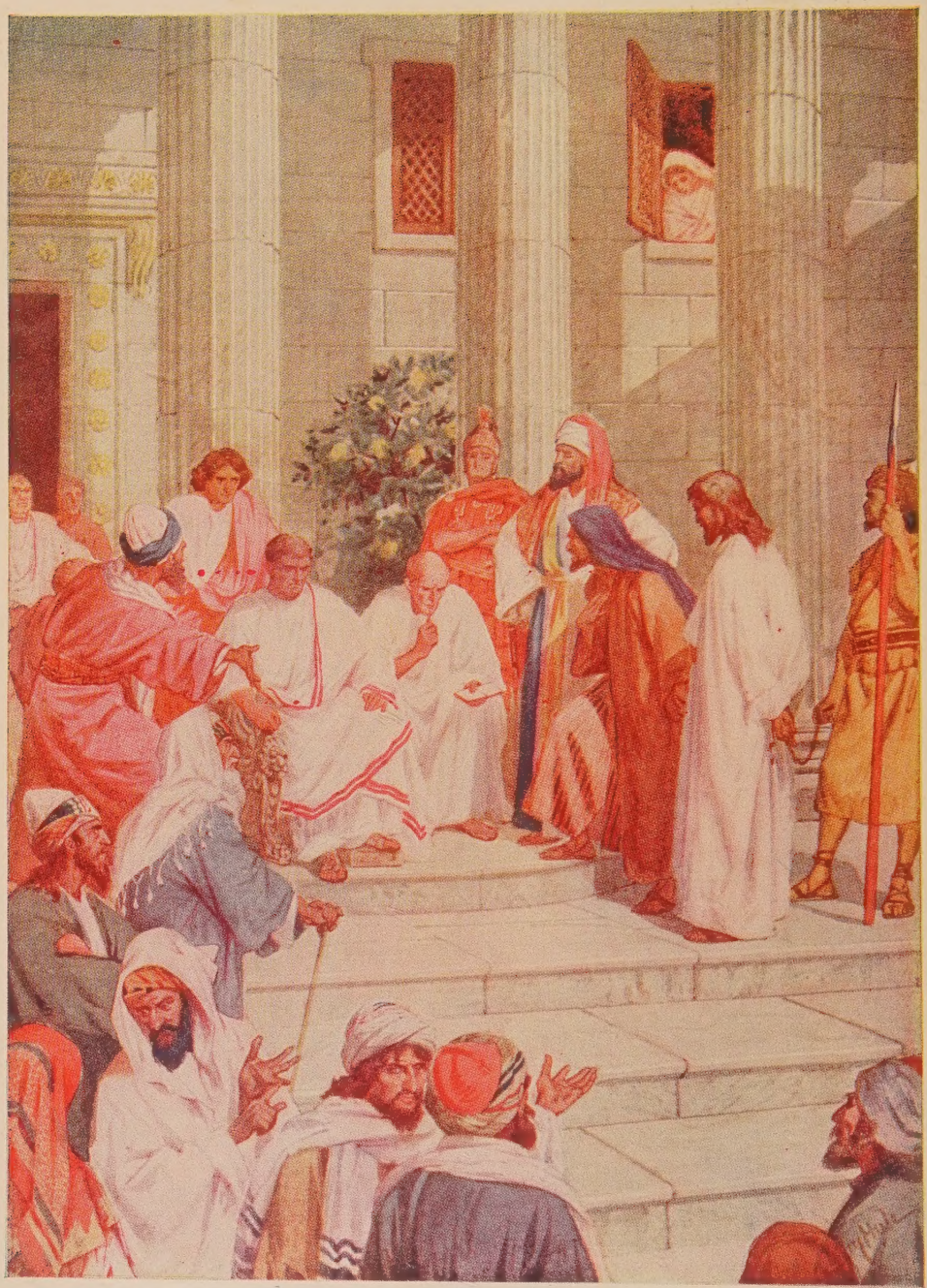

Jesus Arraigned Before Pilate

Then led they Jesus from Caiaphas unto the hall of judgment: and it was early; and they themselves went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover. Pilate then went out unto them, and said, What accusation bring ye against this man?—And they began to accuse him, saying, We found this *fellow* perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ a King.—*St. John xviii: 28, 29; St. Luke xxiii: 2.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Priding themselves upon their strict administration of justice, the Romans not infrequently erected their tribunals in the open air, by the city gate, in the market-place or theatre, or even at the roadside, in order that all might have the opportunity of seeing and hearing. The design of Herod's magnificent palace, now the official residence of Pilate, evidently made permanent provision for this method of official procedure, the "Gabbatha"—a platform—being a tesselated pavement in front of the Judgment Hall, to which access was obtained by a flight of steps. In the centre of this pavement was a slightly-raised platform, upon which was placed the curule chair of the procurator, with seats to right and left for the assessors; other officers of the court occupying benches on the lower level.

THE

LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST

FOR THE YOUNG

BY THE

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.

AND

HIS LIFE DEPICTED IN A

GALLERY OF EIGHTY PAINTINGS

BY

WILLIAM HOLE

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY

VOL. IV

PHILADELPHIA

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JESUS IN GETHSEMANE

IN sailing across the ocean, if we attempt to measure the depth of the water in different places, we shall find that it varies very much. There are hardly two places in which it is exactly the same. In some places it is easy enough to find the bottom. In others, it is necessary to lengthen the line greatly before it can be reached. And then there are other places where the water is so deep that the longest line ordinarily used cannot reach to the bottom. We know that there *is* a bottom, but it is very hard to get down to it.

And, in studying the history of our Saviour's life, we may compare ourselves to persons sailing over the ocean. The things that he did, and the words that he spoke, are like the water over which we are sailing. And when we try to understand the meaning of what Jesus said and

did, we are like the sailor out at sea who is trying to fathom the water over which he is sailing, and to find out how deep it is. And in doing this we shall find the same difference that he finds. Some of the things that Jesus did and said are so plain and simple that a child can understand them. These are like those parts of the ocean where a very little line will reach the bottom. Other things that Jesus did and said require hard study, if we wish to understand them. But then, there are other parts of the sayings and doings of Jesus which the best and wisest men, with all their learning and study, cannot fully understand or explain. These are like those places in the sea where we cannot reach the bottom with our longest lines.

We find our illustration of this in the garden of Gethsemane. Some of the things that were done and said there we can easily understand. But other things are told us, of what Jesus did and said there which are very hard to explain.

In speaking about this part of our Saviour's life, there are two things for us to notice. These are what we are *told* about Gethsemane, and what we are *taught* by the things that took place

there. Or, a shorter way of stating it will be to say that our subject now is—*the facts—and the lessons of Gethsemane.*

Let us look now at the facts that are told us about Gethsemane. It is a fact that there was such a place as Gethsemane, near Jerusalem, when Jesus was on earth, and that there is such a place there now. It is a fact that Gethsemane was a garden or orchard of olive trees then, and so it is still. Everyone who goes to Jerusalem is sure to visit this spot, because it is so sacred to all Christian hearts on account of its connection with our Saviour's sufferings. The side of the Mount of Olives on which Gethsemane stands is dotted over with olive trees. A portion of the hill has been enclosed with stone walls. This is supposed to be the spot where our Lord's agony took place. Inside of these walls are eight large olive trees. They are gnarled and crooked, and very old. Some suppose they are the very trees which stood there when Jesus visited the spot, on the night in which he was betrayed. But this is not likely. For we know that when Titus, the Roman general, was besieging Jerusalem, he cut down all the trees that could be found near the city. But the trees now there have probably sprung

from the roots of those that were growing in Gethsemane on this very night.

It is a fact that after keeping the last Passover, and observing, for the first time the Lord's Supper with his disciples, Jesus left Jerusalem near midnight with the little band of his followers. He went down the side of the hill on which the city stood and crossed the brook Kedron on the way to Gethsemane. It is a fact that on going into the garden he left eight of his disciples at the entrance. It is a fact that he took with him the chosen, favored three, Peter, James, and John, and went further into the garden. It is a fact that then he "began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he —my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." It is a fact that he withdrew from the three disciples, and, alone with God, he bowed himself to the earth, and prayed, saying, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." It is a fact that after offering this earnest prayer he returned to his disciples and found them asleep, and said to Peter, "What! could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." It is a fact that he went away again, "and being in an agony he prayed more earnestly, and his

sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." It is a fact that in the depths of his agony, "there appeared unto him an angel from heaven strengthening him." We are not told what the angel said to him. No doubt he brought to him some tender, loving words from his Father in heaven, to comfort and encourage him. It is a fact that he returned to his disciples again and found them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy. It is a fact that he went away again, and prayed, saying, "O, my Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done." It is a fact that he returned the third time to his disciples, and said—"Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold he is at hand that doth betray me." And it is a fact that, immediately after he had spoken these words, the wretched Judas appeared with his band to take him. These are the facts told us by the evangelists respecting Jesus and his agony in Gethsemane. They are very wonderful facts, and the scene which they set before us in our Saviour's life is one of the most solemn and awful that ever was witnessed.

And now, let us go on to speak of *the lessons* taught us by these facts. These lessons are *four*.

The first lesson we learn from Gethsemane is a lesson—ABOUT PRAYER.

As soon as this great trouble came upon our blessed Lord in Gethsemane, we see him, at once separating himself from his disciples, and seeking the comfort and support of his Father's presence in prayer. And this was what he was in the habit of doing. We remember how he spent the night in prayer before engaging in the important work of choosing his disciples. And now, as soon as the burden of this great sorrow comes crushing down upon him, the first thing he does is to seek relief in prayer.

The apostle Paul is speaking of this, when he says, "he offered *up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared.*" Heb. v: 7. This refers particularly to what took place here in Gethsemane. The earnestness which marked our Saviour's prayers on this occasion is especially mentioned. He mingled tears with his prayers. It appears from what the apostle here says, that there was something connected with his approaching

death upon the cross that Jesus particularly feared. We are not told what it was. And it is not worth while for us to try and find it out, for we cannot do it. But the prayer of Jesus, was not in vain. "He was heard, in that he feared." No doubt this refers to what took place when the angel came to strengthen him. His prayer was not answered literally. He was not actually saved from death; but he was saved from what he feared in connection with death. Our Lord's experience, in this respect, was like that of St. Paul when he prayed to be delivered from the thorn in the flesh. The thorn was not taken away, but grace was given him to bear it, and that was better than having it taken away. The promise is—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Ps. lv: 22. And so, from the gloomy shades of Gethsemane, with our Saviour's agony and bloody sweat, there comes to us a precious lesson about prayer. We see Jesus praying under the sorrows that overwhelmed him there: his prayer was heard, and he was helped.

And thus, by the example of our blessed Lord, we are taught, when we have any heavy burden to bear, or any hard duty to do, to carry it to the Lord in prayer.

Let us look at some examples from every day life of the benefit that follows from prayer.

"Washington's Prayer." General Washington was one of the best and greatest men that this country, or any other, ever had. He was a man of piety and prayer.

While he was a young man, he was appointed by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, to the command of a body of troops, and sent on some duty in the western part of that state. A part of these troops was composed of friendly Indians. There was no chaplain in that little army, and so Washington used to act as chaplain himself. He was in the habit of standing up, in the presence of his men, with his head uncovered, and reverently asking the God of heaven to protect and bless them in the work they were sent to do. And no doubt, the great secret of Washington's success in life, was his habit of prayer. He occupied many positions of honor and dignity during his useful life. But, never did he occupy any position in which he appeared so manly, so honorable, and so truly noble, as when he stood forth, a young man, in the presence of his little army, and tried to lift up their thoughts to God above, as the one "from whom all blessings flow."

"Praying Better Than Stealing." A poor family lived near a wood wharf. The father of this family got on very well while he kept sober; but when he went to the tavern to spend his evenings and his earnings, as he did sometimes, then his poor family had to suffer. One winter, during a cold spell of weather, he was taken sick from a drunken frolic. Their wood was nearly gone.

After dark one night, he called his oldest boy John to his bedside, and whispered to him to go to the wood wharf and bring an armful of wood.

"I can't do that," said John.

"Can't do it—why not?"

"Because that would be stealing, and since I have been going to Sabbath-school, I've learned that God's commandment is, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Well, and didn't you learn that another of God's commandments is—'Children, obey your parents?'"

"Yes, father," answered the boy.

"Well, then, mind and do what I tell you."

Johnny was perplexed. He knew there must be some way of answering his father, but he did not know exactly how to do it. The right

thing would have been for him to say that, when our parents tell us to do what is plainly contrary to the command of God, we must obey God rather than men. But Johnny had not learned this yet. So he said:

"Father, please excuse me from stealing. I'll ask God to send us some wood. Praying's better than stealing. I'm pretty sure God will send it. And if it don't come before I come home from school at noon to-morrow, I will go and work for some, or beg some. I can work, and I can beg, but I can't steal."

Then Johnny crept up into the loft where he slept, and prayed to God about this matter. He said the Lord's prayer, which his teacher had taught him. And after saying—"give us this day our daily bread;" he added—"and please Lord send us some wood too, and let father see that praying is better than stealing—for Jesus' sake. Amen."

And at noon next day when he came home from school, as he turned round the corner, and came in sight of their home, what do you think was the first thing he saw? Why, a load of wood before their door! Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor had sent it. He did not know them. He

believed it was God who sent it. And he was right.

The first lesson from Gethsemane is about prayer.

The second lesson from this hallowed spot is—ABOUT SIN.

Here, in Gethsemane, we see Jesus engaged in paying the price of our redemption: this means, what he had to suffer for us before our sins could be pardoned. The pains and sorrows through which Jesus passed, in the agony of the garden, and the death on the cross: the sighs he heaved—the groans he uttered—the tears he shed—the fears, the griefs, the unknown sufferings that he bore—all these were part of the price he had to pay, that we might be saved from our sins.

When we read of all that Jesus endured in Gethsemane: when we hear him say—"my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death:" when we see him fall to the earth, in such an agony that "his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground:" we may well ask the question—what was it which caused him all this fearful suffering? And there is only one way of answering this question; and this is by saying *that he was bearing the punishment*

of our sins. There was nothing else that could have made him feel so sad and sorrowful. But *this* explains it all. Then, as the prophet says—"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities;—and the Lord had laid on him the iniquity of us all." Is. liii: 5, 6. Our sins had provoked the wrath of God against us, and Jesus was bearing that wrath for us. In all the world, there is nothing that shows so clearly what a fearful thing sin is, as the awful sufferings of Jesus when he was paying the price of our sins, or making atonement for us. And it is by knowing what took place in Gethsemane, and on Calvary, and *only* in this way, that we can learn what a terrible evil sin is, and how we are to be saved from it.

Some years ago, there was a good Christian lady in England who had taken into her family a deaf and dumb boy. She was anxious to teach him the lesson of Gethsemane and Calvary; that Christ had suffered and died for our sins. Signs and pictures were the only means by which she could teach him. So she drew a picture of a great crowd of people, old and young, standing near a deep, wide pit, out of which smoke and flames were issuing, and into which they were in danger of being driven.

Then she drew the figure of one who came down from heaven, representing Jesus, the Son of God. She explained to the boy that when this person came, he asked God not to throw those people into the pit, because he was willing to suffer and to die for them, that the pit might be shut up and the people saved.

The deaf and dumb boy wondered much: and then made signs that the person who offered to die was only one, while the guilty ones who deserved to die were many. He did not understand how God could be willing to take one, in the place of so many. The lady saw the difficulty that was in the boy's mind. Then she took a gold ring off from her finger, and put it down by the side of a great heap of withered leaves, from some faded flowers, and then asked the boy, by signs, which was the more valuable, the one gold ring, or the many withered leaves? The boy took in the idea at once. He clapped his hands with delight, and then by signs exclaimed—"The one—the golden one." And then to show that he knew what this meant, and that the life of Jesus was worth more than the world of sinners for which he died, he ran and got his letters, and spelled the words—"Good! The golden one good!"

The deaf and dumb boy had learned two great lessons that day. For one thing he had learned this lesson about sin which we are trying to learn from Gethsemane. He saw what a dreadful thing sin is, when it was necessary for Jesus to die before it could be pardoned. And then, at the same time, he learned a lesson about Jesus. He saw what a golden, glorious character he is: that he is perfect man, and perfect God. This made his blood *so* precious that the shedding of that blood was a price sufficient to pay for the sins of the whole world.

And now, let us see, for a moment, how much good is done by telling to poor sinners this story of Gethsemane and Calvary, and of the sufferings of Jesus there. Here is an illustration of the power of this story, for which we are indebted to one of the Moravian Missionaries in Greenland.

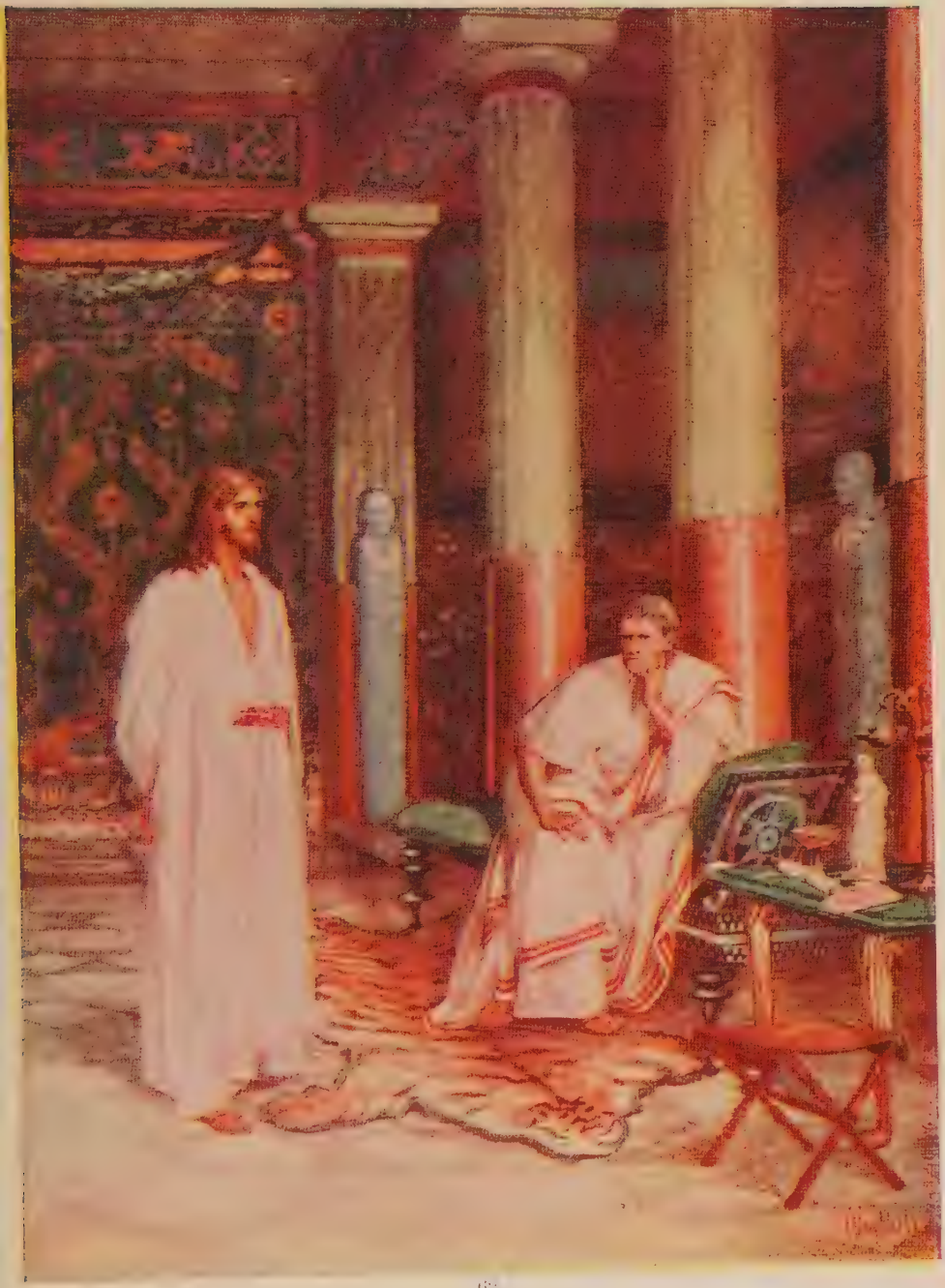
Kazainak was a robber chief, who lived among "Greenland's icy mountains." He came, one day to a hut, where the missionary was engaged in translating into the language of that country the gospel of St. John. He saw the missionary writing and asked him what he was doing. Pointing to the letters he had just written, he said those marks were words, and that the book

Jesus Privately Examined by Pilate

Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto him, Art thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me? Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done? Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence. Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?—*St. John xviii: 33–38.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

If Herod's palace was built according to the customary Roman method, the private examination of Jesus would naturally be conducted either in the library, or in Pilate's business room—apartments which usually occupied positions on opposite sides of a short passage leading from the further extremity of the spacious atrium to the inner halls and chambers of the palace. There were six examinations of our Lord: (1) before Annas for fact; (2) before Caiaphas for determination; (3) before the Sanhedrim for official confirmation; (4) before Pilate for preliminary enquiry; (5) before Herod Antipas as Tetrarch of Galilee; (6) before Pilate for final acquittal or condemnation.



from which they were written could speak. Kazainak said he would like to hear what the book had to say. The missionary took up the book, and read from it the story of Christ's crucifixion. When he stopped reading the chief asked:

"What had this man done, that he was put to death? had he robbed any one? or murdered any one? had he done wrong to any one? Why did he die?"

"No," said the missionary. "He had robbed no one; he had murdered no one; he had done no wrong to any one."

"Then, why did he die?"

"Listen," said the missionary. "Jesus had done no wrong; but Kazainak has done wrong. Jesus had robbed no one; but Kazainak has robbed many. Jesus had murdered no one; but Kazainak has murdered his brother; Kazainak has murdered his child. Jesus suffered that Kazainak might not suffer; Jesus died that Kazainak might not die."

"Tell me that again," said the astonished chief. It was told him again, and the end of it was that the hard-hearted, blood-stained murderer became a gentle, loving Christian. He never knew what sin was till he heard of Christ's sufferings for it.

The second lesson we learn from Gethsemane is—the lesson about sin.

The third lesson from Gethsemane is the lesson ABOUT SUBMISSION.

Jesus taught us in the Lord's prayer to say, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." And this is one of the most important lessons we ever have to learn. It is very easy to say these words—"Thy will be done;" but it is not so easy to feel them, and to be and do just what they teach. The will of God is always right, and good, and holy. Everything opposed to his will is sinful. St. Paul tells us that—"sin is the transgression of the law." To *transgress* a law, means to walk over it, or to break it. But the law of God is only his will made known. And so, everything that we think, or feel, or say, or do, contrary to the will of God—is sin. And when we remember this it should make us very anxious to learn the lesson of submission to the will of God. If we could all learn to do the will of God as the angels do, it would make our earth like heaven. And this is one reason why Jesus was so earnest in teaching us this lesson. He not only *preached* submission to the will of God, but *practised* it. When he entered Gethsemane, he compared the dreadful

sufferings before him to a cup, filled with something very bitter, which he was asked to drink. Now, no person, however good or holy he may be, likes to endure dreadful sufferings. It is natural for us to shrink back from suffering, and to try to get away from it. And this was just the way that Jesus felt. He did not love suffering any more than you or I do. And so, when he prayed the first time in Gethsemane, with those terrible sufferings immediately before him, his prayer was—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass away. It was held before him still. He saw it was his Father's will for him to drink it. So, when he prayed the second time, his words were—"O, my Father, if this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it: *thy will be done!*" This was the most beautiful example of submission to the will of God the world has ever seen.

When Adam was in the garden of Eden he refused to submit to the will of God. He said, by his conduct, "Not *thy* will, but *mine* be done:" and that brought the curse upon the earth, and filled it with sorrow and death. When Jesus was in the garden of Gethsemane, he submitted to the will of God. He said, "Not

my will, but *thine* be done." This took away the curse which Adam brought upon the earth, and left a blessing in the place of it—even life, and peace, and salvation.

We ought to learn submission to the will of God, because he knows what is best for us.

"The Curse of the Granted Prayer." A widowed mother had an only child—a darling boy. Her heart was wrapped up in him. At one time he was taken very ill. The doctor thought he would die. She prayed earnestly that his life might be spared. But she did not pray in submission to the will of God. She said she did not want to live unless her child was spared to her. He was spared. But, he grew up to be a selfish, disobedient boy. One day, in a fit of passion, he struck his mother. That almost broke her heart. He became worse and worse; and, at last, in a drunken quarrel, he killed one of his companions. He was taken to prison; was tried—condemned to be hanged—and ended his life on the gallows. That quite broke his mother's heart.

Now God, in his goodness, was going to save that mother from all this bitter sorrow. And would have done so if she had only learned to say—"Thy will be done." She would not

say that. The consequence was that she brought on herself all that heart-breaking sorrow.

And then we ought to learn submission to the will of God—*because, whatever he takes away from us—he leaves us so many blessings still!*

Here is a good illustration of this part of our subject. Some years ago, in a town in New England, there was a minister of the gospel who was greatly interested in his work. But he was attacked with bleeding of the lungs and was obliged to stop preaching and resign the charge of his church. About the same time his only child was laid in the grave; his wife, for a time, lost the use of her eyes; his home was broken up, and his prospects were very dark. They had been obliged to sell their furniture and take boarding at a tavern in the town where they lived. But, under all these trials, he was resigned and cheerful. He felt the supporting power of that precious gospel which he had so loved to preach. His wife had not felt as contented and cheerful under their trials as he was.

One day, as he came in from a walk, she said to him: "Husband dear, I have been thinking of our situation here, and have made up my mind to try and be patient and submissive to the will of God."

"Ah," said he, "that's a good resolution. I'm very glad to hear it. Now, let us see what we have to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. Well, in the first place, we have a comfortable home; we'll submit to that. Secondly, we have many of the blessings of life left to us; we'll submit to that. Thirdly, we are spared to each other; we'll submit to that. Fourthly, we have a multitude of kind friends; we'll submit to that. Fifthly, we have a loving God, and Saviour, who has promised to take care of us, and 'make all things work together for our good;' we'll submit to that.

This was a view of their case which his wife had not taken. And so by the time her husband had got through with his fifthly, her heart was filled with gratitude, her eyes with tears, and she exclaimed: "Stop, stop; please stop, my dear husband; and I'll never say another word about submission."

The lesson of submission is the third lesson that we are taught in Gethsemane.

The last lesson for us to learn from this solemn scene in our Saviour's life is a lesson—ABOUT TENDERNESS.

Jesus taught us this when he came back, again and again, from his lonely struggles with the

sufferings he was passing through, and found his disciples asleep. It seemed very selfish and unfeeling in them to show no more sympathy with their Master in the time of his greatest need. He had told them how full of sorrow he was, and had asked them to watch with him. Now, we should have supposed that, under such circumstances, they would have found it impossible to sleep. They ought to have been weeping with him in his sorrow, and uniting in prayer to God to help and comfort him. But, instead of this, while he was bearing all the agony and bloody sweat which was caused him by their sins, *they were fast asleep!* If Jesus had rebuked them sharply for their want of feeling, it would not have been surprising. But, he did nothing of the kind. He only asked, in his own quiet, gentle way—"could ye not watch with me one hour?" And then he kindly excused them for their fault, saying—"The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!" How tender and loving this was! Here we have the lesson of tenderness that comes to us from Gethsemane. We see here, beautifully illustrated, the gentle, loving spirit of our blessed Saviour. And the exhortation of the apostle, is—"Let *this*

mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Phil. ii: 5.

Someone has well said, that "the rule for us to walk by, if we are true Christians, is, when any one injures us, *to forget one half of it, and forgive the rest.*" This is the very spirit of our Master. This was the way in which he acted towards his erring disciples in Gethsemane. And, if all who bear the name of Christ were only trying to follow his example, in this respect, who can tell how much good would be done?

Here are some beautiful illustrations of this lesson of tenderness and forbearance which Jesus taught us in Gethsemane.

"The Influence of This Spirit in a Christian Woman." A parish visitor had a district to attend to which contained some of the worst families in town. There was a sick child in one of those families. The visitor called on her every day. The grandfather of this child was a wicked, hardened man, who hated religion and everything connected with it. He had a big dog that was about as savage as he was himself. Every day, when he saw this Christian woman coming to visit the sick child, he would let loose the dog on her. The dog flew at her,

and caught hold of her dress. But she was a brave woman, and stood her ground nobly. A few kind words spoken to the dog took away all his fierceness. She continued her visits, day after day, bringing to the poor child such nice things as she needed. At first the dog was set upon her every day; but as she went on in her kind and gentle way, the old man began to feel ashamed of himself; and before a week was over, when he saw this faithful Christian woman coming to the suffering little one, instead of letting loose the dog upon her, he would take his pipe out of his mouth with one hand and lift the cap from his head with the other, and make a polite bow to her, saying, "Good morning, ma'am: werry glad to see you."

And so the spirit of Christ, as practised by that good woman, won the way for the gospel into that home of sin and misery, and it brought a blessing with it, as it always does.

"The Spirit of Christ in a Little Girl." "Sitting in school one day," says a teacher, "I overheard a conversation between a little girl and her brother. He was complaining of various wrongs that had been done to him by another little boy belonging to the school. His face grew red with anger, and he became very much

excited in telling of all that this boy had done to him. He was going on to say how he intended to pay him back, when his sister interrupted him by saying, 'Brother, please don't talk any more in that way. Remember that *Charley has no mother.*'

"Her brother's lips were closed at once. This gentle rebuke from his sister went straight to his heart. He walked quietly away, saying to himself—'I never thought of that.' He remembered his own sweet home and the teaching of his loving mother; and the question came up to him—'What should I be if I had no mother?' He thought how lonely Charley must feel, and how hard it must be for him to do right *without a mother.* This took away all his anger. And he made up his mind to be kind and forbearing to poor Charley, and to try to do him all the good he could. This little girl was following the example of Christ, and we see what a good effect it had upon her brother."

"A Boy with the Spirit of Christ." Two boys —Bob Jones and Ben Christie—were left alone in a country school-house between the morning and afternoon sessions. Contrary to the master's express orders Bob Jones set off some fireworks. When afternoon school began, the

master called up the two boys, to find out who had done the mischief.

"Bob, did you set off those fireworks?"

"No, sir," said Bob.

"Did you do it, Ben?" was the next question.

But Ben refused to answer; and so the master flogged him severely for his obstinacy.

At the afternoon recess the boys were alone together. "Ben, why didn't you deny it?" asked his companion.

"Because there were only us two there, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why didn't you say I did it?"

"Because you had said you didn't, and I would rather take the flogging than fasten the lie on you."

Bob's heart melted under this. Ben's noble spirit quite overcame him. He felt that he never could allow his companion to lie under the charge of the wrong that he had done.

As soon as the school began again, Bob marched up to the master's desk, and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. Ben Christie didn't set off these fire-crackers. I did it, and he took the flogging rather than charge me with the lie." And then Bob burst into tears.

The master looked at him in surprise. He thought of the unjust punishment Ben had received, his conscience smote him, and his eyes filled with tears. Taking hold of Bob's hand, they walked to Ben Christie's seat; then the master said aloud:

"Ben, Ben, my lad, Bob and I have done you wrong; we both ask your pardon!"

The school was hushed and still as the grave. You might almost have heard Ben's big-boy tears dropping on his book. But, in a moment, dashing the tears away, he cried out—"Three cheers for the master." They gave three cheers. And then Bob Jones added—"And now three cheers for Ben Christie"—and they made the school-house ring again with three rousing cheers for Ben.

Ben Christie was acting in the spirit of Christ in what he did that day. And in doing so he did good to his companion, Bob Jones. He did good to the master, and to every scholar in the school.

And there is no way in which we can do so much real good to all about us as by trying to catch the spirit and follow the example of our blessed Saviour.

And so, when we think of Jesus in Gethsemane, let us never forget *the facts and the*

lessons connected with that sacred place. The facts are too many to be repeated. The lessons are four. There is the lesson about prayer; the lesson about sin; the lesson about submission; and the lesson about tenderness.

And, as we leave this solemn subject, we may each of us say, in the words of the hymn:

"Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

"Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

"And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind, and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me."

Herod Expecteth to be Amused

Then said Pilate to the chief priests and *to* the people, I find no fault in this man. And they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place. When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilæan. And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time. And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long *season*, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him. Then he questioned with him in many words; but he answered him nothing. And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused him. And Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and mocked *him*, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate.—*St. Luke xxiii: 4–11.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

While in residence in Jerusalem, Herod Antipas occupied the ancient palace of the Hasmonæan kings, situated on the western hill, not far from that built by Herod the Great. A weak, cruel sensualist, Antipas, like other princelings of his family, affected the dress and manners and the refined luxury of the Greeks. Blasé and wearied doubtless with the monotonous pleasures of the dissolute court, he welcomed the excitement promised by the appearance of Jesus at his judgment-seat, anticipating that the prisoner would thankfully purchase his life at the cost of amusing him and his courtiers by some display of the magical power with the possession of which rumor had credited him. Herod was devoted to hunting and had special hunting grounds near the Lake of Gennesaret, so a favorite hound is appropriately introduced.

THE BETRAYAL AND DESERTION

ONE of the darkest chapters in the history of our Saviour's life is this now before us. Here we see him betrayed into the hands of his enemies by one of his disciples and deserted by all the rest.

In studying this subject, we may look at the history of the betrayal and desertion, and then consider some of the lessons that it teaches.

The man who committed this awful crime was *Judas Iscariot.* He was one of the twelve whom Jesus chose, in the early part of his ministry, to be with him, all the time, to see all the mighty works that he did, and to hear all that he said in private as well as in public. He is called Judas *Iscariot,* to distinguish him from another of the disciples of the same name, viz., Judas, the brother of James. Different explanations have been given of the meaning of this name Iscariot. The most likely is, that it was

used to denote the place of his birth. If this be so, then it was written at first, Judas-Ish-Kerioth —which means a man of Kerioth. And then this would show us that he belonged to a town in the southern part of Judah, called Kerioth.

We know nothing about Judas before we hear him spoken of as one of the twelve apostles. In the different lists of the names of the apostles, he is always mentioned last, because of the dreadful sin which he finally committed. When his name is mentioned he is generally spoken of as "the traitor"—or as the man "which also betrayed him." Jesus knew, of course, from the beginning, what kind of a man Judas was, and what he would do in the end. But, we have no reason to suppose that Judas himself had any idea of committing this horrible crime when he first became an apostle; or that the other apostles ever had the least suspicion of him. There can be no doubt that he took part with the other apostles when Jesus sent them before his face to "preach the gospel of the kingdom," and to perform "many mighty works." Yes, Judas, who afterwards betrayed his Master, preached the gospel and performed miracles in the name of Jesus. His fellow-disciples, so far from suspecting any harm of

him, made him the treasurer of their little company, and let him "have the bag" and manage their money affairs. And *this*, may have been the very thing that ruined him.

The first time that we see anything wrong in Judas is at the supper given to our Lord at Bethany. We read about this in St. John 12: 1-9. On this occasion, Mary, the sister of Lazarus, brought a very precious box of ointment, and anointed the feet of Jesus with it. Judas thought this ointment was wasted, and asked why it had not been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor. This would be about forty-five or fifty dollars of our money. It is added—"This he said, not because he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bore what was put therein." None of his disciples suspected Judas of being a thief at this time. These words were added, long after the death of Judas, when his true character was well known.

But, when Jesus rebuked Judas for finding fault with Mary, and praised her highly for what she had done, he was greatly offended. And then, it seems, he first made up his mind to do that terrible deed which has left so deep and dreadful a stain upon his memory. For we

read—St. Matt. xxvi: 14-16—"Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests and said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him." The paltry sum for which Judas agreed to betray his Master was about fifteen dollars of our money—the price of a common slave.

Very soon after this Jesus met his disciples in that upper chamber of Jerusalem, to eat the Passover together for the last time. And Judas came with them. How could the wretched man venture into the presence of Jesus, when he had already agreed to betray him?

But Jesus knew all about it. How startled Judas must have been when he heard Jesus say before them all—"One of you shall betray me." It is probable that Jesus said this to drive Judas out from his presence, for it must have been very painful to him to have him there. And, after Jesus had given the sop to Judas, to show by this that he knew who the traitor was, we read that—"Satan entered into him. Then Jesus said unto him, That thou doest do quickly." Then he "went immediately

out;" and hastened to the chief priests to make arrangements for delivering Jesus unto them.

It is clear, I think, from this that Judas was not present while Jesus was instituting the Lord's Supper. It must have been a wonderful relief to Jesus when Judas left their little company. And we are not surprised to find it written—"When he was gone out Jesus said, Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him," St. John xiii: 31. Then followed the Lord's Supper; and the glorious things spoken of in the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of St. John, and the great prayer in the 17th chapter. After this came the agony in the garden of Gethsemane.

Just as this was over, Judas appeared with the band of soldiers and servants of the chief priests "with lanterns, and torches, and weapons." Jesus went forth to meet them, and asked whom they were seeking. They answered, "Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he. As soon as he had said unto them I am he, they went backward and fell to the ground." Then Judas came to Jesus according to the signal he had given them, and said, Hail, Master, and kissed him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas,

betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? Then Peter drew his sword to defend his Master, and struck a servant of the high-priest, and cut off his right ear. Jesus touched the ear, and healed it; and told Peter to put up his sword. Then they came to Jesus and bound him, and led him away to the high-priest; and it is added: "*Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.*" He was betrayed by one of his own disciples and forsaken by all the rest.

Nothing is said about Judas during the time of the trial of Jesus. Some suppose that he expected our Lord would deliver himself out of the hands of his enemies. We have no authority for thinking so. But, when he found, at last, that Jesus was condemned and was really to be put to death, his conscience smote him for what he had done. He brought back the thirty pieces of silver—the beggarly price he had received for betraying his Master—and threw them down at the feet of the chief priests, saying—"I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said—What is that to us? See thou to that. And he went and hanged himself."

This was the end of the wretched man, so far as this world is concerned. And such is

the history of the betrayal and desertion of Jesus.

We might refer to many lessons taught us by this sad history, but we shall speak of only four. Two of these relate to Jesus, and two of them to Judas.

One of the lessons about Jesus, taught us here, refers to—THE LONELINESS OF HIS SUFFERINGS.

We all know how natural it is, when we are in trouble, to desire to have one near who loves us. The very first thing a child does when worried about anything is to run to its mother and throw itself into her loving arms. It would almost break the child's heart if it could not have its mother's presence and gentle sympathy at such a time.

And it is the same when we grow older. We naturally seek the company of our dearest friends in times of trouble. And it adds greatly to our suffering if we cannot have those we love near us when we are in sorrow. But, in the history of our Saviour's betrayal and desertion, we see how it was with him. In the midst of his great trouble, when the wrath of God, occasioned by our sins, was pressing heavily upon him, he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by one of the little band of his own chosen followers. How much this must

have added to his sorrow! And if the rest of his apostles had only stood by him faithfully, as they had promised to do, during that night of sorrow, it would have been some comfort to him. But they did not. As soon as they saw the traitor Judas deliver him into the hands of his enemies, we read these sad, and melancholy words, "*Then all the disciples forsook him, and fled!*" How hard this must have been for Jesus to bear! The cup of his sorrows was full before; *this* must have made it overflow. He knew it was coming. For, not long before, he had told them that "the hour was coming, when they would be scattered, and *leave him alone.*" This shows how deeply he felt, and feared this loneliness. Seven hundred years before he came into our world, the prophet Isaiah represented him as saying—"I have trodden the wine-press *alone*," chap. lxiii: 3. And this was what he was doing now. In the midst of the multitudes he came to save he was left—alone. There was not an earthly friend to stand by him—to speak a kind word to him—or to show him any sympathy in this time of his greatest sorrow. The only comfort left to him was the thought that his Father in heaven had not forgotten him.

When he spoke of his disciples leaving him alone, he said, "*And yet, I am not alone, because the Father is with me.*" St. John xvi: 32.

Jesus never forgets how lonely he felt at this time; and he loves to come near and comfort us when we are left alone. We should always remember at such times how well able he is to help and comfort us.

Here are some simple illustrations of the blessing which those find who look to Jesus in their loneliness.

An aged Christian was carried to a consumptives' hospital to die. He had no relation or friend to be near him except the nurse and the doctor. Yet he always seemed bright and happy. The doctor, in talking with him one day, asked him how it was that he could be so resigned and cheerful? His reply was—"When I am able to think, I think of Jesus; and when I am not able to think of him, *I know he is thinking of me.*"

And this was just the way King David felt when he said, "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

"Not Alone." Little Bessie was sitting on the piazza. The nurse came in and found her there. "Ah! Bessie dear, all alone in the dark," said the nurse, "and yet not afraid?"

"No, indeed," said little Bessie, "for I am not all alone. God is here. I look up and see the stars, and God seems to be looking down at me with his bright eyes."

"To be sure," said the nurse, "but God is up in the sky, and that is a great way off."

"No," said Bessie; "God is here too; sometimes He seems to be clasping me in his arms, and then I feel so happy."

"The Help of Feeling Jesus Near." There was a poor man in a hospital. He was just about to undergo a painful and dangerous operation. They laid him out ready, and the doctors were about to begin, when he asked them to wait a moment. "What shall we wait for?" was the inquiry of one of the doctors.

"Oh, wait a moment," said he, "till I ask the Lord Jesus Christ to stand by my side. I know it will be dreadful hard to bear; but it will be such a comfort to think that Jesus is near me."

One thing we are taught by the betrayal and desertion of Christ, is the loneliness of his sufferings.

Another thing, taught us by this part of our Saviour's history is—HIS WILLINGNESS TO SUFFER.

We often make up our minds to suffer certain things, because we have no power to help it.

But it was not so with Jesus. He had power enough to have saved himself from suffering, if he had chosen to do so. Sometime before this, when he was speaking to his disciples about his death, or, as he called it, laying down his life, he said—"No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. *I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.*" John x: 18. And he showed plainly what his power was at the very time of his betrayal. When his enemies came to take him, he "went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye? They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he." John xviii: 4. But he put such wonderful power into these simple words—"*I am he*"—that, the moment they heard them, the whole multitude, soldiers, servants, and all, fell to the ground before him. It was nothing but the power of Jesus which produced this strange effect. It seems as if Jesus did this, on purpose to show that the mighty power by which he had healed the sick, and raised the dead, and cast out devils, and walked on the water, and controlled the stormy winds and waves, was in him still. He was not taken by his enemies because he had no power to help himself. The same power which made

his enemies fall to the ground with a word could have held them there while he walked away; or could have scattered them, as the chaff is scattered by the whirlwind; or could have made the earth open and swallow them up. But he did not choose to exercise it in any of these ways. He was *willing* to suffer for us; and so he allowed himself to be taken.

As the Jews were seizing him Peter drew his sword, and smote one of the servants of the high-priest, and cut off his right ear. Jesus touched the ear, and healed it, in a moment, thus showing again what power he had. Then he told Peter to put up his sword, and said—"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" St. Matt. xxvi: 53. A full Roman legion contained six thousand men. Jesus had power enough in his own arm to keep himself from being taken, if he had chosen to use it. And more than seventy thousand angels would have flown with lightning speed to his deliverance, if he had but lifted his finger; or said—"come." There was so much power in himself, and so much power in heaven, at his command, that all the soldiers Rome ever had could not have taken him,

unless he had been willing to be taken. But he *was* willing. And when they came to crucify him, all the nails ever made could not have fastened him to the cross, unless he had been willing to be fastened there. But his wonderful love for you and for me and for a world of lost sinners, made him willing to be fastened there, to suffer and to die, that our sins might be pardoned and that we might enter heaven.

And it is the thought of this amazing love of Christ, making him willing to suffer for us, which gives to the story of the cross the marvellous power it has to melt the hardest hearts and win the worst of men to his service. There is a power in love to do what nothing else can do,—to make men good and holy. And this is what we are taught when told that—"Christ suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." I. Peter iii: 18. And when we find people acting in this way towards each other in every-day life it has just the same effect. Here is an illustration of what I mean. We may call it:

"The Power of Love; or, The Just for the Unjust." In a town near Paris, is a school for teaching poor homeless boys who are found

wandering about the streets of that city and are growing up in idleness and crime.

When one of the boys breaks the rules of the school and deserves punishment, the rest of the school are called together, like a jury, to decide what shall be done with the offender. One of the punishments is confinement for several days in a dungeon, called "the black-hole." The prisoner is put on a short allowance of food, and, of course, forfeits all the liberties of the other boys.

After the boys have, in this way, passed sentence on one of their companions and the master approves of it, this question is put to the rest of the school:—"Will any of you become this boy's substitute? *i. e.*, take his place, and bear his punishment, and let him go free?" And it generally happens that some little friend of the criminal comes forward and offers to bear the punishment instead of him. Then the only punishment the real offender has to bear is to carry the bread and water to his friend as long as he is confined in the dungeon. In this way, it generally happens that the most stubborn and hard-hearted boys are melted down, by seeing their companions willingly suffering for them what they know they deserved to suffer themselves.

Jesus is Scourged

And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people, Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined *him* before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him. No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him. I will therefore chastise him, and release *him*. (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.) And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this *man*, and release unto us Barabbas. (Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)—Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged *him.—St. Luke xxiii: 13–19; St. John xix: 1.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

In endeavoring to apprehend, however imperfectly, the sufferings endured by Jesus during this terrible day, there may be a tendency to under-estimate the significance of one detail which is only incidentally mentioned by the evangelists, namely, the punishment of scourging. But this was nevertheless so barbarously cruel, that the mind recoils in horror from the effort to realize the awful agony which it entailed. Bound in a crouching attitude to the pillar of torment, the quivering flesh lacerated by the fragments of bone and metal intertwisted with the thongs, few of its victims, save such as were in perfect physical health, were able to survive the infliction of the scourge, but perished either then and there, or shortly afterwards, from nervous shock or from mortification of the wounds. Yet it was a punishment so common, such an everyday occurrence, that the scourging of one more malefactor—Jesus by name—the justice or injustice of whose sentence they neither knew nor cared to know, would be regarded with utter indifference by the brutal soldiery charged with its infliction.

Not long ago, a boy about nine or ten years old, named Pierre, was received into this school. He was a boy whose temper and conduct were so bad that he had been dismissed from several schools. He behaved pretty well at first; but soon his bad temper broke out, and one day he quarrelled with a boy about his own age, named Louis, and stabbed him in the breast with a knife.

Louis was carried bleeding to his bed. His wound was painful, but not dangerous. The boys were assembled, to consult about what was to be done with Pierre. Louis was a great favorite with the boys, and they all agreed at once that Pierre should be turned out of the school and never allowed to come back.

This was a very natural sentence under the circumstances, but the master thought it was not a wise one. He said that if Pierre was turned out of school, he would grow worse and worse, and probably end his life on the gallows. He asked them to think again. They then agreed upon a long imprisonment, without saying how long it was to be. They were asked as usual, if any one was willing to go to prison instead of Pierre. But no one offered and he was marched off to prison.

After some days, when the boys were all together, the master asked again if any one was willing to take Pierre's place. A feeble voice was heard, saying—"I will." To the surprise of every one this proved to be Louis—the wounded boy, who was just getting over the effect of his wound.

Louis went to the dungeon and took the place of the boy who had tried to kill him; while Pierre was set at liberty. For many days he went to the prison carrying the bread and water to Louis, but with a feeling of pride and anger in his heart.

But at last he could bear it no longer. The sight of his kind-hearted, generous friend, still pale and feeble from the effects of his wound, pining in prison—living on bread and water—and willingly suffering all this *for him*—who had tried to murder him—this was more than he could bear. His fierce temper and stubborn pride broke down under it. The generous love of Louis had fairly conquered him. He went to the master, fell down at his feet, and with bitter tears confessed his fault, begged to be forgiven, and promised to be a good boy.

He kept his promise, and became one of the best boys in the school.

And so it is the love of Christ in being willing to suffer for us that wins the hearts and lives of men to him, and gives to the story of the cross all its power.

The willingness of Christ to suffer is the second thing taught us by the history of the betrayal and desertion.

These are the two things taught us about Jesus by this history: his loneliness in suffering, and his willingness to suffer.

But, there are are two things taught us about Judas, also, by this history.

One of these is—THE POWER OF SIN.

The sin of Judas was covetousness, or "the love of money." The apostle Paul tells us that this—"is the root of all evil." I. Tim. vi: 10. The little company of the apostles made Judas their treasurer. He carried the purse for them. He received the money that was contributed for their expenses, and paid out what was needed from day to day. We may suppose that, soon after his appointment to this office, he found himself tempted to take some of this money for his own use. Perhaps he only took a penny or two, at first, but then he soon went on to take more. Now, if he had watched and striven against this temptation, at the very first, and

had prayed for strength to resist it, what a different man he might have been! There is an old proverb which says—"*Resist the beginnings.*" Our only safety is in doing this. Judas neglected to resist the beginning of his temptation and the end of it was his ruin. We never can tell what may come out of one sin that is not resisted.

If you want to sink a ship at sea, it is not necessary to make half a dozen big holes in her side; one little hole, which you might stop with your finger, if left alone, will be enough to sink that ship. Judas gave himself up to the power of one sin, and *that* led him on to betray his Master.

Let us look at some illustrations of the power of one sin.

"Clara's Obstinacy." Little Clara Cole was saying her prayers one evening before going to bed. Part of her evening prayer was the simple hymn—"And now I lay me down to sleep." When she came to the last line she stopped short and would not say it. "Go on, my dear, and finish it," said her mother. "I can't," she said, although she knew it perfectly well, and had said it hundreds of times before. "Oh, yes! go right on, my child."

"No; I can't." "My dear child, what makes you talk so? Say the last line directly."

But, in spite of her mother's positive commands and loving entreaties, Clara was obstinate, and would not do it. "Very well," said Mrs. Cole at last: "you can get into bed; but you will not get up till you have said that line."

Next morning Mrs. Cole went into Clara's room as soon as she heard her stir. "Now, Clara," she said pleasantly, "say the line, and jump up."

"I can't say it," said Clara, obstinately, and she actually lay in bed all that day, and part of the next rather than give up. The second day was her birthday and a number of little girls had been invited, in the evening, to her birthday party. That little, strong, cruel will of hers held out till three o'clock; then she said, "I pray the Lord my soul to take," and bursting into tears asked her mother's forgiveness.

How much power there was in that one sin! No one can tell what trouble it might have caused that poor child if she had not been taught to conquer it. But after that it never gave her much trouble.

"One Drop of Evil." "I don't see why you won't let me play with Willie Hunt," said

Walter Kirk, with a frown and a pout. "I know he doesn't always mind his mother. He smokes segars, and once in a while he swears just a little; but I've been brought up better than that; he won't hurt me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

Walter did so, and then in a moment exclaimed, "Oh! mother, who would have thought that one drop would blacken a whole glass so!"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole. And now just put one drop of clear water in it, and see if you can undo what has been done."

"Why, mother, one drop, or a dozen, or fifty won't do that."

"That's so, my son; and that is the reason why I don't want you to play with Willie Hunt. For one drop of his evil ways, like the drop of ink in the glass, may do you harm that never can be undone."

Here we see the power of a single sin.

"One Worm Did It." One day a gentleman in England, went out with a friend who was visiting him, to take a walk in the park. As they were walking along, he drew his friend's

attention to a large sycamore tree, withered and dead.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to his friend's inquiries, he said:

"About two years ago, that tree was as healthy as any in the park. One day I was walking out with a friend, as we are walking now, when I noticed a wood-worm about three inches long forcing its way under the bark of the tree. My friend, who knew a great deal about trees, said—'Let that worm alone, and it will kill this tree.' I did not think it possible, and said—'well, we'll let the black worm try, and see what it can do.'"

The worm tunnelled its way under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off, very early. This year the tree has not put out a single green leaf. It is a dead tree. That one worm killed it.

Here we see the power of one sin. The third lesson taught us by the history of the betrayal and desertion, is—the power of sin.

The fourth lesson taught us by this history is—THE GROWTH OF SIN.

Solomon says, "The beginning of strife"—and the same is true of all sin—"is as when one

letteth out water." Prov. xvii: 14. There is a bank of earth that keeps the water of a mill-dam in its place. You notice one particular spot where the bank seems weak. The water is beginning to make its way through. At first, it only just trickles down, drop by drop. By and by, the drops come faster. Now, they run into each other, and make a little rill. Every moment the breach grows wider and deeper, till, at last, there is a roaring torrent rushing through that nothing can stop.

Every sin is like a seed. If it be planted in the heart and allowed to spring up, no one can tell what it will grow into. Suppose, that you and I knew nothing about the growth of trees. We are sitting under the wide-spreading branches of a vast oak tree. A friend picks up a tiny, little acorn, and holding it up before us, says—"This giant tree, under whose shade we are sitting, has all grown out of a little acorn, like this." It would seem impossible to us. We could hardly be made to believe it. But we need no argument to prove this. We know it is so.

But the growth of sin in the hearts and lives of men is quite as surprising as the growth of trees in the forest. We see this in the case of

Judas. Suppose that we could have seen him when he first let his love of money lead him to do wrong. Perhaps he only stole a penny or two, at first. That was not much. And then, suppose we had not seen Judas again till the night in which he had made up his mind to commit that greatest and most awful of all sins —the sin of betraying his Master! what a wonderful change we should have seen in him! The growth of a river from a rill—of a giant oak from a tiny acorn—would not be half so surprising as the monstrous growth in wickedness that we should have seen in Judas. When we saw him committing his first sin, he was like a little child. When we saw him committing his last awful sin—the child had sprung up into a huge, horrible giant. Jesus said he had become a devil. St. John vi: 70. How fearful it is to think of such growth in wickedness! And yet, if we allow the seed of sin to be sown in our hearts, and to spring up there, we cannot tell but what its growth may be as fearful in us as it was in Judas.

Let us look at some illustrations of the growth of sin.

"The Growth of Lying." Some time ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was like

a solitary little thistle seed, sown in the mellow soil of his heart. No eye but that of God saw him as he planted it. But, it sprung up—O, how quickly! and, in a little time, another seed dropped from it into the ground, and then another, and another, each in its turn bearing more and more of those troublesome thistles. And now, his heart is like a field of which the weeds have taken entire possession. It is as difficult for him to speak the truth as it is for the gardener to clear his land of the ugly thistles that have once gained a rooting in the soil.

"The Snake and the Spider." A black snake, about a foot long, lay sunning itself on a garden-bed one summer's day. A spider had hung out his web on the branches of a bush, above where the snake lay. He saw the huge monster lying there, for huge indeed he was compared to the little spider, and he concluded to take him prisoner. But, you ask, is not the snake a thousand times stronger than the spider? Certainly he is. Then how can he take him prisoner? Well, let us see how he did it. The spider spun out a fine, slender thread. He slipped down, and touched the snake with it. It stuck. He took another, and touched him with that, and that stuck too. He went on industriously. The

snake lay quiet. Another, and another thread, was fastened to him, till there were hundreds and thousands of them. And, by and by, those feeble threads, not one of which was strong enough to hold the smallest fly, when greatly multiplied, were strong enough to make the snake a prisoner. The spider webbed him round and round, till, at last, when the snake tried to move, he found it was impossible. The web had grown strong out of its weakness. By putting one strand here, and another there, and drawing, first on one, and then on another, the spider had the snake bound fast, from head to tail, to be a supply of food for himself and family for a long while.

And so, if we give way even to little sins, they may make us their prisoner as the spider did the snake, and before we are aware of it, we may be bound hand and foot and unable to help ourselves.

"Sin Like a Whirlpool." The Columbia river, in Oregon, has a great bend in it at one place where it passes through a mountain range. When the water in the river is high there is a dangerous whirlpool in this part of the river. An officer connected with the United States Exploring Expedition was going down this

river, some years ago, in a boat which was manned by ten Canadians. When they reached this bend in the river, they thought the water was so low that the whirlpool would not be dangerous. So they concluded to go down the river in the boat, as this would save them the labor of carrying the boat with its baggage across the portage to the place where they would take the river again below the rapids. But, the officer was put on shore, to walk across the portage. He had to climb up some high rocks. From the top of these rocks he had a full view of the river beneath and of the boat in her passage. At first, she seemed to skim over the waters like a bird. But, soon he saw they were in trouble. The struggles of the oarsmen and the shouts of the man at the helm showed that there was danger from the whirlpool, when they thought there would be none. He saw the men bend on their oars with all their might. But, in spite of all, the boat lost its straightforward course, and was drawn into the whirl. It swept round and round, with increasing force and swiftness. No effort they could make had the least control of it. A few more turns, each more rapid than the rest, and at last, the centre was reached; and the boat,

with all her crew, was drawn into the dreadful whirlpool, and disappeared. Only one of the ten bodies was found afterwards, in the river below; and that was all torn and mangled by the rocks, against which it had been dashed.

Just such a whirlpool is sin. Judas was drawn into it when he first gave way to his covetousness and began to steal money from the purse with which he was entrusted. Like the men in the boat, he soon lost all control of himself and was carried round and round, till at last he was "drowned in destruction and perdition."

And thus we have considered the history of the betrayal and the lessons that it teaches. Two of these lessons refer to Jesus. They show us the *loneliness* of his sufferings, and his *willingness* to suffer. Two of them refer to Judas. They show us the *power*, and the *growth* of sin.

There is a beautiful Collect in the Prayer Book which is very suitable to use in connection with such a subject as this. It is the Collect for the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, and teaches us to pray thus:

"O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by

reason of the frailty of our nature, we cannot always stand upright; grant to us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

The blessings asked for in this prayer are just what we need amidst the dangers and temptations that surround us in this evil world. If we only obtain for ourselves "the strength and protection" here prayed for, and which God has promised to give to those who truly seek it, we need not be afraid either of the power or the growth of sin. This strength will be a safeguard to us against the power of sin, and this protection will check the growth of sin in our hearts. It will indeed, "support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations." If Judas had used such a prayer as this, and had earnestly sought "the strength and protection" here spoken of, he would never have been known as "the traitor," and the end of his earthly life would never have been wound up with this shameful sentence—"he went and hanged himself." But, as wrecks along the shore show us where the danger lies, so, when we see the wrecks we should try to

Jesus, Arrayed in Mock State, is Crowned and Beaten

Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band *of soldiers*. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put *it* upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head.—*St. Matt. xxvii: 27–30.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Had it been possible to add a pang to the suffering already endured, this must surely have been effected by the foul jests and ribald mockery which Jesus was now called upon to endure at the hands of the ruffians of the barrack-room. The lust of cruelty, delight in inflicting and witnessing torture, marks the lowest depth of human depravity; and to sorrow of heart beyond what we can comprehend, to physical suffering as great as any which mortal man can endure and live, was now added the humiliation of being the object of sport and derision to the dregs of mankind. For these men were not even Romans, save in name; the ranks of the imperial armies called upon for foreign service being mainly recruited from the scum of the population of tributary provinces.

avoid the rocks on which they struck and go on our way in safety.

I know not how to finish this subject better than for each of us to say, in the words of the hymn:

"My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

"O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore."

THE TRIAL

WE come now to another of the dark and sad chapters in the history of our Saviour's life. We have seen how he was betrayed by one of his disciples, and forsaken by all the rest. Then his enemies seized him, and led him away to those who had sent them—the priests and rulers of the Jewish church. We speak of what then took place at the *trial* of our Saviour. But it was only the form or mockery of a trial. It was not conducted at all in the way in which regular trials were required to be conducted among the Jews. The simple truth is that the enemies of Jesus had made up their minds to put him to death, and they merely pretended to have a trial because they were afraid to do it without.

And in studying this part of the life of our Saviour, we may look, very briefly, at the history

of his trial; and then at some of the lessons that it teaches us.

When the band of soldiers and servants had seized Jesus, and made him prisoner, they led him away to the house of Caiaphas the high-priest. He had gathered together the chief-priests and other members of the Jewish high council, called the Sanhedrim. This was the highest court among the Jews. It was composed of seventy, or seventy-two of the oldest, the most learned, and honorable men of the nation. The high-priest was generally the president of this council. Their usual place of meeting was in one of the courts of the temple. But, on special occasions, they met in the house of the high-priest, as they did now. Jesus was brought before this council. Here they tried to bring some charge against him of teaching false doctrines, or of doing something contrary to the laws of their church. But though they had hired many false witnesses against him, the witnesses did not agree in their testimony, and they found it impossible to prove anything wrong against him.

Then the high-priest made a solemn appeal to him, and asked him to say whether he was the Son of God. "Jesus saith unto them—I am.

Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God." Then they said he was guilty of blasphemy, and deserved to be put to death. St. Matt. xxvi: 59-66; St. Mark xiv: 55-64; John xviii: 19-24.

After this, the servants of the priests blindfolded Jesus, and began to mock him, to smite him, to spit on him, and to say all manner of insulting and blasphemous things to him. St. Matt. xxvi: 67, 68; St. Mark xiv: 65; St. Luke xxii: 62-65.

Then the priests and other members of the council seem to have gone home, leaving Jesus to the mockery and insults of the servants. As soon as it was morning the priests and scribes met again. They asked him once more if he were the Christ, the Son of God. Again he declared that he was. Then they arose and led him to Pilate, the Roman governor, to get his consent for them to put him to death. This was necessary because Jerusalem was then under the power of the Romans, and no one but the governor, whom they appointed, had the power of putting a prisoner to death according to law.

But, when the priests brought Christ before Pilate, they changed their plan. They did not accuse him of blasphemy now, because they

knew very well that Pilate would not care at all about that. So they pretended that he had been trying to stir up the people in opposition to the Roman government. This was a very serious charge, and one for which, if it could be proved, the punishment would be death.

But, they could not prove their charge. As soon as Pilate looked on Jesus, he seemed to be satisfied that he was an innocent man. Then he took him aside and had a long conversation with him, alone by himself. The result of this was that Pilate was perfectly satisfied of the innocence of Jesus, and was resolved to release him.

But, on returning to the judgment hall and telling the Jews what he wished to do, he found that they would not listen to this for a moment. Thus he was in trouble, and knew not what to do. Just then something was said about Galilee. This was in the northern part of Palestine, and out of the dominion of Pilate. Herod was the governor of Galilee. He happened to be in Jerusalem at that time. Pilate resolved to send his prisoner to him, and hoped in this way, to get rid of any further trouble in connection with him.

So Jesus was sent to Herod—the Herod under whose dominion John was beheaded. He asked

him many questions; but Jesus declined to answer one of them. Then Herod, with his men of war, mocked him and sent him back to Pilate, only saying that he found no fault in him. St. Matt. xxvii: 1, 2, 11-14; Mark xv: 1-5; Luke xxiii: 1-12; John xviii: 28-38.

After this Pilate made several attempts to release Jesus; but the Jews were so fierce in their opposition that he was afraid to do it.

Then he thought he saw his way out of the difficulty by the help of a custom that had prevailed in connection with the feast of the Passover, which was then about to be kept. He had been in the habit of allowing the Jews to ask for the release of some prisoner who deserved to be put to death, and of setting him at liberty, when they requested it, while they were keeping the feast. There was a prisoner then in Jerusalem named Barabbas. He had been guilty of murder and other dreadful crimes. Pilate thought that when he should bring Jesus and Barabbas before the people, side by side, and offer to release to them whoever they should choose, they would be sure to ask for the gentle, loving Jesus, in preference to a wretched, blood-stained murderer. And no doubt they would, if they had been left to their own choice. But

they were not so left. The priests and scribes had made up their minds that Jesus should be put to death. So they went about among the people, when this offer was made, and persuaded them to cry out—"Not this man, but Barabbas."

Thus Pilate was disappointed again.

While this was going on, his wife sent a message to him saying she had had a dream about this prisoner Jesus, which troubled her greatly. She said he was a just and good man, and begged her husband not to have anything to do with putting him to death. This made Pilate feel still more resolved than ever to let him ago.

Then he told the Jews that Jesus had done no wrong, and he would therefore chastise him and let him go. This made the Jews very furious. They told Pilate that if he let this man go, it would show that he was not a true friend of the emperor, Cæsar. They gave him to understand that they would complain of him to the emperor, and in this way he would be likely to lose his office. This alarmed him so that he could stand out no longer. He let the Jews have their way, and delivered Jesus up to them, to be crucified.

Then the soldiers took Jesus and stripped him of his own clothes, and put a purple robe upon him; and platted a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and bowed the knee before him in shameful mockery, and cried—"Hail! king of the Jews!" Then they smote him with the palms of their hands, and with the reed, and showed their utmost contempt by spitting on him. Then Pilate had him brought forth before the Jews, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, and pointing to him in scorn, said —"Behold the man! Behold your king!"

"And he delivered him to be crucified." St. Matt. xxvii: 11-30; St. Mark xv: 1-20; St. Luke xxiii: 1-25; St. John xviii: 13-24, 28-40; xix: 1-16.

Such is the history of our Saviour's trial.

And now, we may go on to speak of *five* lessons taught us by this history.

The first lesson is about—THE WEAK RULER.

We refer, of course, here to Pontius Pilate. We know very little about him beyond what we learn from the gospels. He belonged to a highly honorable Roman family. He had been the governor of Judea for several years. He was not a very cruel or oppressive ruler, although he sometimes did hasty and unjust things. Our

Saviour referred to one of these when he spoke of—"the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices." We know none of the particulars of this event. But, from reading the history of our Lord's trial we can see, very well, what sort of a man Pilate was. He was a weak man. I do not mean weak in body, but weak in character. He could see what was right, and was willing to do it, if it could be done without injury to himself.

When Jesus was brought before him as a prisoner, he soon saw that he was an innocent man, and that it would be wrong to put him to death. But, at the same time, he saw that unless he did put him to death, he would give great offence to the Jews. And if he offended them, he was afraid they would complain of him to the emperor, and he would lose his office. And so his fear led him to condemn an innocent man to death, although he knew it was wrong to do so. He tried to get rid of the guilt connected with this act by washing his hands before the Jews, and saying "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." But this was very foolish. Why, all the waters in the ocean could not wash away the stain of the Saviour's blood from the hands of Pilate. He knew that the right thing for

him to do was to let Jesus go: but he was afraid to do it. This shows what a weak man he was.

And the wrong that he did on this occasion did not save him from the dangers that he dreaded. The Jews did accuse him to the emperor for some other things. He lost his office in disgrace. And of what happened to him after losing his office, different accounts are given. One of the stories about him is that he retired into Switzerland and spent the rest of his days on a mountain, near the city of Lucerne. This mountain is named Pilatus after him. The story says that he lived a very unhappy life there, and that he finally drowned himself in a lake on the top of that mountain. But the things for us to remember about Pilate are that he was a weak man; that he committed a dreadful sin when he condemned Jesus to death; and that the punishment of his sin which followed him in this life was the loss of his office, and the deep disgrace which it has fastened on his name. Wherever the two great creeds of the church are repeated, all over the earth, we hear it publicly proclaimed that Jesus —"suffered under Pontius Pilate."

We see plainly illustrated in Pilate's case the punishment that followed from his weakness

in not doing what he knew to be right. If we have the courage to refuse to do what is wrong, we shall always be rewarded for it.

"Brave Charlie." Two little boys were walking along a village street one day, when they stopped before the garden connected with a gentleman's house and gazed with admiration on the many beautiful flowers that were growing there. Presently the smaller of the two boys exclaimed, "Oh, how I wish I had one or two of those beautiful roses, to take home to my sick sister. Every day she says she wishes she could see some flowers again."

"Then, why don't you take some of them, you little goose," said the other boy. "Here, I am taller than you, and I can reach over the fence. I'll get some for both of us."

"No, no, Tim," said the little boy, seizing his arm; "I wouldn't steal even a flower, if I never had one in the world; but I'll go in and ask the lady for a rose for Ellen."

"Well, you'll only get sent away for your pains," said the older boy; "for my part I shall help myself."

But, just as Tim was reaching over the fence and had seized a branch of beautiful roses, the gardener spied him, and dropping a basket that

was in his hand, he rushed after the boy and caught him. He gave him a sound flogging and told him that if he ever found him doing that again, he would have him put in jail as a thief.

In the meantime little Charlie had gone up the steps and rung the door-bell. The door was opened immediately by a kind-looking lady.

"Please, ma'am will you give me a rose or two for my sick sister?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, indeed, my little man," said the lady. "I have been sitting at the window and I heard your conversation with the boy who wished you to steal some of my roses; and I'm very glad to see that you would not steal 'even a flower.' Now come with me, and I will cut you a beautiful bunch of roses." Then she asked him about his mother and sister, and told him to come and get some flowers whenever his sister wanted them.

After this she went to see his sick sister and mother and helped them in many ways. She kept up her interest in Charlie, and when he had done going to school, she got him a nice situation and remained his friend for life.

And when we think of Pontius Pilate, the weak ruler, let us remember that if we do wrong,

we must always suffer for it; and that if we do right God will surely reward and bless us.

"Dare to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

"Dare to do right! dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

"Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too—
Treasures the tears which his striving ones shed,
Counts, and protects every hair of your head."

The second lesson that we may learn from the history of Christ's trial is a lesson about—THE WICKED PRIESTS.

If our Saviour had been persecuted and put to death by infidels or by men who did not profess to be religious, it would not have been surprising. But, when we find that it was the priests—men occupying the highest places in the church, and whose business it was to study the Scriptures, and teach them to the people—when *these* were the men most forward in having Jesus put to death—it seems very strange. And yet, it was just so. When Jesus began his

Pilate Washeth His Hands

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him. Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And *Pilate* saith unto them, Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify *him*, crucify *him*. Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify *him:* for I find no fault in him.—And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but *that* rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed *his* hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye *to it*. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood *be* on us, and on our children. Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered *him* to be crucified.—*St. John xix: 4–6; St. Matt. xxvii: 23–26.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Once more the scene is "Gabbatha"—the place where Pilate sat; and Jesus, his lacerated shoulders covered with a cast-off soldier's cloak of scarlet, and wearing a crown of thorns, is exposed to the gaze of the rabble of Jerusalem, who now surged and thronged in the courtyard of the palace. Pilate vainly hoped that the sight of the sufferings the prisoner had already endured might satisfy the fury of his enemies; but the relentless hatred of the priests was voiced through the insensate yells of the ignorant and bloodthirsty mob, and their final argument was cunningly directed to the point of least resistance. Pilate's sense of justice yielded to that of self-interest. "He released unto them one who (Barabbas), for sedition and murder, was cast into prison, whom they had desired; but he delivered Jesus to their will."

ministry, the priests were the first to oppose him. As he went on with the work of his ministry, they were always the most ready to persecute him, and give him trouble. And at the last, it was the priests who resolved he should be put to death and who took the lead in bringing about that awful result. It was the priests who hired Judas to betray him. It was the priests who brought false charges against him. And, when Pilate was willing to let him go, it was the priests who stirred up the people to insist on his being put to death. Jesus had come at the time and in the way that the prophets had said he should come; and yet the priests would not receive him. He had been loving, and gentle, and kind; and yet they hated him. He had spent his life in going about doing good; and yet the priests made up their minds that he must be put to death.

And the question that comes up here is—how was it possible that these men—these priests—should be so wicked? This is a very serious and important question. And the answer to it is this: that being ministers, or priests, or being engaged in the outward duties of religion will do us no good and make us no better than other people, unless we are careful to have our

hearts made right in the sight of God; unless we are willing to believe what he tells us, and to think, and feel, and speak, and act, as he wishes us to do. The best things, when spoiled, always become the worst things. Women have many things that help to make them better than men. But a bad woman is always worse than a bad man. Satan was once an archangel. But he sinned. He fell. He is now an angel ruined, and this makes him the worst, the wickedest person to be found in all the universe.

There is one passage of Scripture which explains to us how it was possible for those priests to become so wicked. This passage is found in II. Thess. ii: 11, 12. Here the apostle Paul tells us that if we are not willing to let God be our teacher, and if we do not love the teachings that he gives us, God will let Satan come and deceive us, and lead us to believe what is not the truth. This will make us very wicked; and the end of it will be that our souls will be lost. This explains to us how it was that those Jewish priests became so wicked. They were not willing to let God be their Teacher. They would not receive the things that God had taught about Jesus in the Old Testament. Then Satan

came and deceived them. He made them believe what was not true about Jesus. And it was *this* which led to their becoming such wicked men. They were the wickedest men in the world at the time they lived.

And this should make us very careful not to think too much of ourselves or of our own opinions. It should make us willing to believe all that God tells us about Jesus, or about ourselves, in the Bible, whether we understand it or not. This is the only way in which we can become wise, and good, and happy; and be kept from following the example of these wicked priests.

There is only room for one illustration here: "The Two Brothers." Some years ago there lived in the State of Rhode Island two boys who were brothers, twin-brothers. They grew up together. They both had the same home, the same education, and everything about them the same. They were very much alike in size and appearance. They were both bright, intelligent, sensible, good-natured boys. This continued till they were about sixteen years of age. Then one of them read an infidel book—called Paine's Age of Reason. He made up his mind to follow the teachings of that book. The

other brother had read the Bible and resolved to take *that* as his guide and teacher through life. And from this time, the two brothers, who had been so much alike before, soon began to be very different from each other. One of them turned around and walked in a wrong way, the other went on in the right way. One of them fell into habits of intemperance, and so was led on to all kinds of wickedness. The other learned the lessons which the Bible teaches, and practised them in his daily life. One of them became an idle, worthless vagabond, while the other became a useful, prosperous, and happy citizen. One of them sank down to the low level of a wretched gambler, while the other rose to occupy a seat in the Legislature of the State in which he lived.

And the end of these two men was that one of them committed murder. He was put in prison; was tried, found guilty, condemned to be hanged, and died upon the gallows. The other lived a long and useful and happy life, and died at last loved and honored by all who knew him.

This is the lesson about the wicked priests.

The next lesson from this history of the trial is about—THE PATIENCE OF CHRIST.

There are many things told us of the life of Christ which are wonderful, but the most wonderful of all is his patience. There are other examples of patience in the Bible, but none that can be compared with the example of Jesus. The apostle James tells us of "the patience of Job." Ch. v: 11. He was indeed very patient. In one day he lost all his property and his children. The messengers that brought him the sad tidings of his losses followed each other, like the waves of the sea. It must have been very hard for him to bear. And if we had been told that he was very much excited and had said some very violent and bitter words on hearing of all that had happened to him, we should not have been at all surprised. But he did nothing of the kind. After hearing of all his terrible losses, he simply bowed himself to the earth, and said—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Job i: 21. Here is a noble example of patience.

Joseph was very patient. When he first saw his brethren, as they came down to Egypt to buy corn, he remembered all the bitter wrongs they had done to him. He was now the governor of all the land of Egypt. They were

completely in his power. How easily he could have taken revenge upon them by throwing them all into prison or putting them to death! But there was no such feeling in his heart. He was forgiving and patient. He only thought of doing them good and showing them kindness.

But, all other examples of patience dwindle into nothing when compared to the example of Christ. What a beautiful picture of his patience the prophet Isaiah gives when he thus speaks of him: "He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." Is. liii: 7. He let his enemies say all manner of evil things against him falsely; he let them mock him,—and smite him on the face,—and spit upon him. Yes, he whom the angels of heaven had been accustomed to honor and worship, as they bowed in reverence before him, allowed himself to be so shamefully treated by sinful worms of the dust, by the very men he had come down from heaven to save; and yet, he never spoke one cross or angry word to them! How wonderful this was! How amazed the angels must have been when they saw it!

Oh! what an example of patience we have in Jesus! And if we call ourselves the friends and followers of Christ, let us try to have the same mind in us that was in him, by imitating the example of his patience. There is no way in which we can do so much good to others, and make them think well of the religion of Christ, as by trying to practise the same patience which he practised.

"How to Learn Patience." A good many years ago there was a celebrated physician in Germany, named Boerhave. He was famous for his learning and also for his piety. He had learned well this lesson of patience. One day he had been greatly provoked, but without getting angry in the least. A friend who had witnessed it, asked him if he knew what it was to be angry. "O, yes," said he, "my temper was naturally very violent and passionate."

"Then, pray tell me," said his friend, "how you ever learned to be so patient." Now mark what that great and good man said in answer to this inquiry.

"I learned to be patient," was his reply, "by doing two things; one was by thinking of Christ; the other was by asking him to help me."

We may all learn patience in this way.

"A Soldier's Example of Patience." Some years ago an English missionary in India baptized a soldier. This man had been a famous prize-fighter in England. He was a powerful, lion-looking, lion-hearted man. With a single blow he could level the strongest man to the ground. The men in his regiment were all afraid of him. He had not been in the habit of going to church, but, as he afterwards told the missionary, "he sauntered into the chapel one evening, hardly knowing where he was going." What he heard that night led him to repentance and he became a Christian. The change which took place in his temper and conduct was very surprising. The lion was changed into a lamb. A month or so after this, when they were dining in the mess-room one day, some of his comrades, who had always been afraid of him, began to ridicule him on account of his religion. One of them said, "I'll find out whether he is a real Christian or not;" and taking a bowl of hot soup, he threw it into his breast. The whole company were alarmed at this. They looked on in speechless silence, expecting to see the roused lion leap up, and spring in fury on his foe. But he quietly opened his waistcoat, and wiped his scalded breast.

Then turning calmly round he said, "This is what I must expect. If I become a Christian, I must suffer persecution. But my Saviour was patient, and I want to be like him." His comrades were filled with astonishment. But they were satisfied he was a true Christian and he had no more trouble from them. The patience of Christ is the third lesson for us to learn from his trial.

The fourth lesson taught us by this subject is—

THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.

If we desired to put the whole history of the life of our blessed Saviour into a single sentence, I do not think we could find a better one than that which the apostle Paul uses when he says of him that—"*He humbled himself.*" Phil. ii: 8. Before he came into our world he was "in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God." This means that he was God. Now if he had chosen to become an angel, holy, and pure, and good, he would have had to humble himself very much, even for that. But, instead of becoming an angel, he became a man. And, in becoming a man, he took our nature upon him in its fallen state. He was made like us in all points, except sin. How he humbled himself here! And, in coming into

our world, if he had chosen to come as one of the richest men in it,—as a great king or emperor—that would have been an act of great humiliation. But he came as a poor man. He was one of the poorest men that ever lived on the earth. He had made the world, and was the owner of all its treasures, and yet he could say of himself with truth—"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." What humiliation there was here! We see his humiliation in the poverty and suffering that he endured. His whole life was an act of humiliation. But how greatly this humiliation was increased during the time of his trial! Think how his back was torn by the cruel scourges! What humiliation was there! Think how he was mocked, and insulted! Think how the soldiers put an old purple robe upon him: how they platted a crown of thorns, and put it upon his head; how they put a reed in his hand in mockery for a sceptre: how they bowed the knee before him in scorn, and cried—"Hail! king of the Jews!" How wonderful this was O, never let us forget the humiliation of Christ! And when we think of all this—how can we, as Christians, ever feel proud? Our great duty is,

as the apostle says, to be "clothed with humility." No wonder that Augustine, one of the old fathers of the early church, when asked—"What is the first thing for a Christian to learn?" should have said—"humility." "What is the second?"—"humility." "And what is the third?" should still have said—"humility."

"Examples of Humility." A converted South Sea Islander was helping to translate the New Testament into his native language. On coming to the passage, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God;" I. John iii: 1, he hastened to Mr. Williams, the missionary and said, "No, no, this is too much, too much! let us say—'Now are we allowed to kiss God's feet.'" That man was clothed with humility.

A pious nobleman in England was in the habit of attending a prayer meeting in the country village where he lived, and where a few of the poor people of the neighborhood were accustomed to assemble on a week-day evening. When he first came in they were surprised to see him, and they all rose up at once to offer him the best seat in the room. This troubled him greatly. He gently said to them, "Please take your seats my friends, and

have the kindness not to do this again. When I go to the 'House of Lords,' I go as one of the lords of the realm. But when I come to this cottage prayer meeting, *I come simply as a disciple of Jesus among my fellow disciples*, and must be allowed to take any seat that may be empty." That nobleman was clothed with humility.

"The Humble King." A French monarch was found one day by some of his attendants engaged in instructing out of the Bible a boy belonging to his cook.

They said it was beneath his dignity as the King of France to be engaged in teaching the child of his cook. His answer was a noble one. "My friends," said he, "this boy has *a soul that is as precious as mine, and it was bought with the same precious blood.* If it was not beneath the dignity of my Saviour, the King of heaven, to die for him, it is not beneath my dignity as king of France to tell him what has been done for his salvation."

That king was clothed with humility. The humiliation of Christ is the fourth lesson taught us by this trial.

The last lesson we learn from the history of the trial is about—THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

Perhaps some may think it strange to speak of the glory of Christ in connection with this part of his history. Here we see him betrayed, and deserted by his own disciples. He is delivered into the hands of his enemies. They pretend to try him. But it is only the form of a trial through which he is made to pass. He is charged with great crimes. These cannot be proved against him. But still he is condemned to the most disgraceful of all deaths. He is handed to the soldiers to do what they please with him. And is it right to speak of the *glory* of Christ in connection with such scenes as these? Yes. For this was just what Jesus did himself. It was, as he was about to enter on all this humiliation and suffering, when Judas went out from his presence to betray him, that Jesus said:—"*Now* is the Son of man glorified." Thus he himself connected the thought of his glory with these very scenes. And surely he was not mistaken. He knew what he was saying.

Now just think what it is in which true glory consists. It is not in wearing fine clothes. It is not in occupying high positions. It is not in having people say fine and flattering things about us. No; but it is in thinking, and feeling,

and saying, and doing, and suffering that which is right and according to the will of God. And *this* is just the position that Jesus was occupying during his trial. He was fulfilling the will of God in things that were the hardest of all for him to do and to suffer. And *that* was what made him glorious.

If we were asked to point to that part of our Saviour's life in which he appears to us in the greatest glory, there would probably be considerable difference of opinion among us. Some of us, no doubt, would point to his transfiguration; some to the times when he walked upon the water, or controlled the winds and the waves with his word; and others would point to the times when he healed the sick, or raised the dead, and cast out devils. But it was not so. No; but it was when he was betrayed and forsaken—when he was condemned to death, and mocked, and insulted by his enemies that Jesus appeared most glorious: for it was then that he was showing, in the strongest possible light, his desire to do his Father's will and the greatness of his love for the people he came to save. It is not clothing, but character that makes us great or glorious. And the more we try to be like Jesus, in doing the will of God as he did it, in

"Daughters of Jerusalem, Weep Not for Me"

And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him.—And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, . . . to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?—*St. Mark xv: 20; St. Luke xxiii: 27–31.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Needless to say, the route followed by the actual "Via Dolorosa" is lost beyond recovery, its very direction being entirely dependent upon that of Calvary, the site of which has for long been a matter of controversy. In any case the veritable Path of Sorrow lies concealed beneath a mass of débris, the ruins of the ancient city upon which modern Jerusalem is built. The street in the painting does not form part of the traditional route; it is the "Street of the Shoemakers," a coincidence which recalls the mediæval legend of "The Wandering Jew," who, it may be remembered, was a follower of this craft.

this part of his life, the greater will be the glory belonging to us.

"The True Hero." A number of boys were playing after school one day. The playground was on the bank of a river. One of the biggest boys was named Tom Price. He was the strongest boy in the school. He loved to get up quarrels among the boys to show how easily he could whip any of them. But there was one boy in the school who never would fight. His name was Joe Wilson. He was not so big or so strong as Tom Price. But it was not this which made him unwilling to fight. He was trying to be a Christian. He knew it was wrong to fight, and so he always refused to do it.

One day Tom Price agreed with some of the other boys to try and force a fight on Joe Wilson. So while they were playing after school, Tom knocked Joe's cap off his head, and it fell into the river.

"Tom threw your cap over on purpose, Joe," said one of the boys; "fight him for it."

"Yes, give it to him, Wilson," said the other boys, "we'll see that you have fair play."

Price squared off and stood in a fighting position. "I won't fight," said Wilson. "I'm sorry you threw the cap over Price; for it

was all but new, and I don't see any fun in such mischief. But, I'm not going to fight about it."

"Come on, if you dare," said Price, shaking his fist at him. All the boys gathered round and urged Wilson to "go on, and give it to him."

"No, I don't think it right to fight," said Wilson, "and I won't do it."

"Coward! coward! he's afraid," cried the boys. "I am not a coward," said Wilson; "I dare do anything that's right. But this is not right, and I wont do it."

"Go home, coward! go home, coward!" shouted the boys after him, as he turned to go home.

He had not gone far before there was a sound of a heavy splash. "He's in! He'll drown!—he can't swim! Price is drowning," cried the boys as they stood on the edge of the bank.

Joe Wilson heard these shouts and ran to the bank of the river. He saw Price struggling in the stream. The other boys were running about and shouting, but they were afraid to go in. In a moment Joe Wilson threw off his jacket, stepped back a few paces—ran—and

jumped into the river. He swam out to Price —caught him by the hair of his head, and managed, though with great difficulty and at the risk of his own life, to bring him safely to the shore. Wilson walked quietly home, not only to change his wet clothes, but also to avoid the praise of those who but a moment ago were calling him a coward.

An old gentleman was standing there who had witnessed this whole scene. As soon as Wilson was gone, he called the boys to him and said: "Boys! learn a lesson from what has just taken place. Don't mistake a hero for a coward next time. The boy who is afraid to do what he knows to be wrong in God's sight, is the true hero. He is not afraid of anything else; not afraid of man—of danger—or of death."

The point of greatest glory in Joe Wilson's conduct that day was not when he bravely plunged into the river. No; but it was when he nobly stood his ground among his companions, and said "I think it wrong to fight; and I won't do it."

And so, even amidst the sorrowful scenes of our Saviour's trials, we see his glory shining out in the way in which he did and suffered what was according to the will of God.

And from this study of the trial of our Saviour, let us carry away with us the five lessons of which we have spoken.

These are the lesson about the weak ruler:—the wicked priests:—the patience—the humiliation—and the glory of Christ.

THE CRUCIFIXION

WE read in St. Matthew's gospel these three simple, but solemn words: "*They crucified him.*" Chap. xxvii: 35. Here we have set before us the greatest event in the history of our Saviour while he was on earth. They tell us of the most important event that ever took place in our own world, or in any other world. We have no reason to suppose that Jesus ever took upon himself the nature of any other race of creatures, as he did take our nature. We have no reason to suppose that he ever died, in any other world, as he died in ours. How wonderful this makes the thought of his crucifixion! And how diligently we should study it, and try to understand what it was intended to teach! This is what we come now to do. And in doing this, the two great things for us chiefly to consider, are—*The history of the Crucifixion; and its Lessons.*

And in looking at this history the first thing for us to notice is—*the place of the crucifixion.*

In speaking of this place, St. Matt. xxvii: 33, says it was—"a place called Golgotha, that is to say a place of a skull." St. Luke xxiii: 33, says it was a place "called Calvary." Golgotha is a Hebrew word, and Calvary is a Latin word; but they both mean the same thing, namely a skull, or the place of a skull. Some have thought that this name was given to it because it was the spot where public execution took place and criminals were buried. But there is no proof of this. It is often spoken of as "the *hill* of Calvary": but it is never so called in the New Testament. It is supposed to have received its name from the fact of its being a smooth and rounded piece of ground, resembling somewhat the shape of a skull, and looking like what we call the brow of a hill. Exactly where this place was we cannot tell. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem they show a hole in a rock, which they pretend to say was the very hole in which the cross of Jesus was placed. But it is impossible to prove this. And the thought which shows how unlikely this is to be the Calvary where Jesus died is this, that Jesus died *outside* the walls of

Jerusalem, but this is *inside* the walls, and we know that the city at that time was much larger than the present city. The apostle Paul tells us that "Jesus suffered *without the gate.*" Heb. xiii: 13. We are sure then that Calvary, or Golgotha, the place of the crucifixion, was outside the walls of Jerusalem, but nigh unto the city. This is all that we can find about it with any certainty.

The *time of the crucifixion* is the next thing to consider. It was on Friday of the last week of his earthly life. What is called "Good Friday," in the week before Easter, known as Passion Week, is kept by a large part of the Christian Church in memory of this event.

As to the hour of the day when the crucifixion took place, there is some difference in the statements made by the different evangelists. St. Matthew says nothing about the hour when Jesus was crucified. He only says that during the time of the crucifixion, "from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour." St. Matt. xxvii: 45. This means from twelve o'clock at noon, till three o'clock in the afternoon. St. Luke and St. John both say that it was—"*about* the sixth hour," when this great event took place. But it is

clear from their way of speaking of it, that they did not wish to be understood as stating the time very exactly. St. Mark says—ch. xv: 25, "And it was the third hour, and they crucified him." There seems to be a disagreement between these statements. But it is easy enough to reconcile the difference. There are two ways of doing this. One is by supposing that when St. Mark says: "It was the third hour, and they crucified him," he was speaking of the time when they began to make preparations for the crucifixion, while St. Luke and St. John refer to the time when the preparations were all finished, and the crucifixion had actually taken place.

But there is another way of reconciling this apparent difference. The Jews were accustomed to divide their day into four parts, corresponding with the four watches into which the night was divided. Beginning at six o'clock in the morning, which was the time when their day commenced, they sometimes called the first three hours, from six to nine o'clock, the first hour. The next three hours, from nine to twelve o'clock, they called the second hour; and then, according to this way of reckoning, the three hours following, from twelve to three o'clock, would be the third hour. And if *this*

was the way in which St. Mark was speaking, then his *third* hour would agree exactly with the sixth hour mentioned by St. Luke and St. John. And so, when we think of the time of the crucifixion, we may remember that Jesus hung upon the cross, in dreadful agonies, from "about" twelve o'clock at noonday until three in the afternoon. O, how long and painful those hours must have seemed to him!

The next thing to notice is—*the manner of the crucifixion.* Suppose that you and I had been standing on Calvary at the time of our Saviour's death: what should we have seen? Why, lying there on the ground, we should have seen the great wooden cross, on which Jesus was to suffer. It is made of two pieces. There is one long, upright piece of timber, and a shorter one fastened across this upright beam, at the upper end. There is Jesus standing by—bound, and bleeding, and crowned with thorns. The soldiers take him and lay his body on the cross, with his back towards it. They stretch out his arms to their full length, along the upper beam of the cross. They take heavy hammers and drive great rough nails through the palms of his hands, and through the tender part of his feet. How terrible the suffering

caused by every blow of those hammers! And see, when this is done, the soldiers raise up the cross, and place the lower end of it in a hole they had prepared for it. It comes down with a jar. What terrible tortures that jar sends through every part of the suffering Saviour's frame! About the middle of the cross is a projecting piece of wood, to form a sort of seat, so as to prevent the whole weight of the body from hanging from the nails, and tearing the flesh of the hands and feet. And there the Son of God is left to suffer tortures that cannot be expressed, till death shall come and bring relief.

The witnesses of the crucifixion is the next thing of which to speak.

Near the cross was his mother and the good women who were her companions. John is the only one of the apostles found near the cross at the time when their Lord was crucified. The soldiers and the priests were there. The walls of Jerusalem were, no doubt, lined with people looking anxiously on; and crowds of strangers were standing by, beholding this sad event; for Jerusalem was always full of persons from a distance at that season who came to keep the feast of the Passover. And then, if our eyes had been opened, as the eyes of Elisha's servant

were, (II. Kings vi: 17), so that we could have seen as spirits do, we should have beheld multitudes of angels among the spectators of the crucifixion. We should have seen them hovering over the cross and gazing with wonder on the sight that met their view there—the Son of God—hanging on the cross in agonies and blood!

The wonders attending the crucifixion is another thing to notice. There was the darkness over all the land from the sixth to the ninth hour, or from twelve to three o'clock. This was not a natural darkness caused by an eclipse of the sun, for the Jewish Passover was held at the time of the full moon, and it is impossible to have an eclipse then. No; it was a miraculous darkness. The sun hid his face, as if he was ashamed to look on and see

> "When God, the Mighty Maker died,
> For man, the creature's sin."

And then there was an earthquake. The great globe itself seemed to tremble at the thought of the dreadful deed that was taking place on its surface. The solid rocks were rent in pieces. The graves were opened, and many of the dead buried in them rose, and came back to life. And then, at the same time, the vail

of the temple—that thick, strong vail—which hung between the holy place and the most holy place, without any one touching it, was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. This was done by miracle. If you and I had been there, with our eyes opened, as I said a little while ago, we should probably have seen two mighty angels, taking hold of that vail and rending it. These were the wonders that attended the crucifixion.

And then there are *the words spoken by Jesus on the cross*, to notice. Seven times the blessed Lord opened his mouth and spoke as he hung amidst the torturing agonies of the cross. The first time he spoke there, was to pray for his murderers. St. Luke xxiii: 34. Then he spoke to his disciple John, who was standing near the cross, and asked him to take care of his mother. St. John xix: 25-27. Then he answered the prayer of the dying thief, and told him he should be with him in paradise that day. St. Luke xxiii: 39-43. Then he said—"I thirst." St. John xix: 28. Then came the awful cry which he uttered when his Father in heaven forsook him and left him alone. St. Matt. xxvii: 46. Then he said—"It is finished!" St. John xix: 30. Then he "cried with a loud

voice," and said—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." St. Luke xxiii: 46. And then he meekly bowed his head and died.

Such is the history of the crucifixion—the most solemn, the most awful, the most important event that ever took place since the world was made.

A great many very valuable lessons are taught us by the history of the crucifixion. We can speak of only five.

The first lesson taught us by the crucifixion is—*the lesson of forgiveness.*

It was probably while the Roman soldiers were driving the rough nails through his tender hands and feet, or just after the cross was set up in its place, that Jesus taught us this lesson. He looked on his murderers with a pitying eye. If he had asked God to punish them, as they deserved for their cruelty, or if he had spoken to them ever so severely, it would not have been surprising. But though they were causing him so much suffering, when he had done them no harm, still there was not one angry feeling in his heart towards them, and not one unkind word fell from his lips. Instead of this, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and offered the prayer—"*Father, forgive them; for they know*

not what they do." Here we have the most perfect pattern of forgiveness the world has ever known. If we wish to be true followers of Jesus, we must try to be like him in this respect. We must learn well this lesson of forgiveness.

"Examples of Forgiveness." Dr. Duff, the late excellent missionary to India, once read our Saviour's sermon on the mount to some Hindoo young men whom he was teaching. As he read on he came to the passage in which Jesus says, "I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that persecute you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." One of the young men was so impressed by our Saviour's words that he exclaimed, with great earnestness, "O how beautiful! how divine! this is the truth!" And for days and weeks afterwards he would exclaim, from time to time, "*Love your enemies!* who ever heard such teaching? How beautiful this is! This is heavenly teaching!"

"A Forgiving Boy." "Mamma," said little Charley, "now I've got a new sled, what shall I do with my old one?" Presently he added, "Mamma, there's a chance to do something real good."

"What is it, Charley?"

Jesus Attached to the Cross

And there were also two other, malefactors, led with him to be put to death. And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided *him*, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar. And saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself. And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.—*St. Luke xxiii: 32–38.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

In spite of all that has been spoken and written on the subject, the site of the place called "Golgotha" remains, as has been said, and must always remain, undecided. But to those who can maintain an open mind, unbiased by sentimental associations, the weight of evidence bears heavily against the traditional Calvary (which shares with many other "sacred sites" the shelter of the church of the Holy Sepulchre) and in favor of a little knoll overhanging the grotto of Jeremiah, about an arrow-flight beyond the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem.

"Why, you see, mamma, if there's any boy I hate, it's Tim Tyson. He's always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys. It never does any good to get cross, for that is just what he likes: but then Tim likes sledding very much and he has no sled. I've a notion to give the old sled to him. It will show him that I forgive him. It might make him think, and do him good. Mightn't it?" "Yes, it might," said the mother.

So Tim got Charley's sled. The kind, forgiving spirit of the little boy he had teased so much touched him greatly. It made him think. It did him good. After that Tim never teased Charley again, or any of the other little boys.

"How a Bishop Taught Forgiveness." There was once a good bishop who lived at Alexandria in Egypt. One day a nobleman came to see him. He told the bishop about a person who had done him a great wrong. He got very angry about it. "I never will forgive him," said he, "as long as I live."

Just then the bell tinkled for prayers in the bishop's private chapel. He rose to go into the chapel and asked the nobleman to follow him. The bishop kneeled at the railing of the little chancel. He asked his friend to repeat the

Lord's prayer after him, sentence by sentence. This was done till they came to the sentence "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." When the bishop had offered this prayer he waited for the nobleman to say it after him, but he was silent. He said it again but there was no answer. Then the bishop was silent and gave his friend time to think. Presently the nobleman rose to his feet and said:

"I dare not offer that prayer, while I feel as I now do. It would be asking God never to forgive me. I must forgive if I expect to be forgiven."

Then he left the chapel, sought out the person who had injured him, and told him that he freely forgave him. After this he went back and finished his prayer with the good bishop.

The lesson of forgiveness, is one lesson taught us by the crucifixion of our Saviour.

The second lesson we are here taught is—*the lesson of duty to our parents.*

When we think of Jesus hanging on the cross and bearing all the dreadful pains of crucifixion, it seems to us that he must have been so fully occupied with his own terrible sufferings as to have had no thought or feeling for any one but

himself. But it was not so. He did not forget his duty to his mother even then. He saw her standing by his cross weeping. Joseph, her husband, was no doubt dead. She would have no one now to take care of her. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, was standing near his mother. Jesus looked at his mother, and told her to consider John as her own son. Then he looked at John, and turning his eye to the weeping Mary, he told John to treat her as his own mother. And from that time John took the mother of Jesus to his own home and took care of her, as if she had been his own mother. How thoughtful and tender this was in Jesus! How much it was like the loving Saviour! And how touchingly we may learn from this crucifixion scene the lesson of our duty to our parents, and especially to our mothers! No child can ever fully repay a faithful, loving mother for all that she has done. Let us try to follow the example which Jesus set us from the cross about our duty to our parents.

Let us look at some examples of those who have learned and practised this lesson.

"The Polish Prince." Here is a story of a Polish prince who had a very good father. This young man was in the habit of carrying the

picture of his father in his bosom. And when he was tempted to do anything that was wrong, he would take out this picture and look at it, saying, "Let me do nothing that would grieve my good father."

"Ashamed to Tell Mother." Some boys were playing one day after school. Among them was a little fellow whom his companions were trying to tempt to do something wrong. "I can't do it," said he, "because I should be ashamed to tell mother of it."

"Well, but you needn't tell her; and she won't know anything about it."

"But I should know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I wouldn't tell mother!"

The boys laughed at him and said: "The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing! What a pity you weren't a girl!"

"You may laugh about it as much as you please," said the noble little fellow, "but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother." That boy was a hero. He was doing just what Jesus would have done in his place. Many a boy would have been saved from ruin if he had only acted in this way.

"Honoring His Mother." "Is there a vacant place in this bank, which I could fill?" asked a boy with a glowing face, as he stood, with cap in hand, before the president of the bank.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that we wanted a boy? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly said the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was an honesty and manliness about the lad which pleased the president and led him to continue the conversation.

"You must have friends who could help you in getting a situation; have you told them?"

With a saddened feeling, the boy said: "My mother told me it would be useless to try without friends," then apologizing for the interruption, he turned to go away; but the gentleman detained him, saying: "Why don't you stay at school a year or two longer, my young friend, and then try to get a situation?"

"I have no time for school," was his reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys as well as I can."

"Then you have had a place already," said the officer, "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it, sir," quietly answered the boy.

"But you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

The boy was confounded for a moment—but presently said—"I want to do more for mother, sir."

These brave words of the boy touched the gentleman's heart. And grasping the hand of the little fellow he said:—"My boy, what is your name? and where do you live? You shall have the first vacancy, for a boy, that occurs in the bank. And in the meantime if you need a friend, come to me. But now tell me frankly, why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

The boy's eyes filled with tears. He had to make an effort before he could speak. But recovering himself directly he said:

"My father is dead: my brothers and sisters are dead. My mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to do all I can for her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind to me, and I am very much obliged to you." And then leaving his name and residence with the gentleman, he made a bow and retired.

It was not long before the president of that bank called to see this boy and his mother. He cheered their hearts by telling them that he had a situation for the boy, who found a warm friend in him as long as he lived. God's blessing followed that boy, and he rose to occupy an important position in the bank. And God's blessing will always follow those who learn and practise the lesson Jesus taught us on the cross—of honoring our parents.

The third lesson we may learn from the crucifixion is about—*the power and willingness of Jesus to save.*

This lesson is taught us by what took place between Jesus and the dying thief, as they each hung upon the cross. Jesus was crucified between two thieves. One of them cast reproaches upon Jesus, as he hung by his side. The other rebuked his fellow thief; and then, turning his eyes towards Jesus, said—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus at once heard and accepted his prayer, and told the thief that he should be with him in paradise that day. This was one of the most wonderful things that took place in connection with the crucifixion of our Saviour. There were many wonders in it. It was

wonderful that this dying thief should have understood so clearly as he did the true character of Jesus. It was wonderful that he should have had faith to trust the salvation of his soul to one who was dying what seemed to be a criminal's death. It was wonderful that he should have repented truly of his sins, and have prayed earnestly, as he did, while hanging on the cross. It was wonderful that Jesus was able and willing to pardon him, to change his heart, and make him fit for heaven at the last hour of his life. And it was wonderful that Jesus was so ready to help and save another at the very time when he was suffering so much himself. The apostle Paul tells us that "he is able to save unto the *uttermost*, those who come unto God through him." Heb. vii: 25. There could not be a more striking illustration of the power and willingness of Jesus to save sinners than we have here in the case of the dying thief.

But illustrations of the same kind, though not so striking as this, do often occur.

"The Cleansing Fountain." There was once a man who had been a very great sinner. He had long been in the habit of committing all sorts of wickedness. But at last he grew weary of his evil ways, and wanted to become a Christian.

But he thought his sins were too great to be forgiven. A Christian man talked and prayed with him. To encourage him he repeated the first verse of the hymn, which says:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

But the poor man shook his head, and said, "There's nothing in that for me. My sins are too great to be washed away." Then his friend repeated the second verse:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he
Wash all my sins away."

"That means *me*," said the penitent sinner. He was encouraged to pray to Jesus, and he found that he was able and willing to save him.

"Muckle Bess—A Hopeless Case." This was the name of a woman who lived in Scotland many years ago. Her history illustrates very well the point now before us, and shows the power and willingness of Christ to save. She was the daughter of a good, pious farmer. But she was led into evil company. She left her father's house, and became a most wicked and

abandoned woman. She was a terror to every one, even to the wicked people among whom she had gone to live. At last she left them and spent her time in wandering among the highlands, living like a wild beast, stealing what she could get to eat, or to wear, and sleeping in barns or stables, in sheepfolds, or in the dens and caves of the mountains. She used to roam over the country begging, or stealing, cursing and swearing, and doing all sorts of wicked things. Everybody was afraid of her. No one thought of speaking to her, or even of praying for her; and every one looked upon her case as hopeless.

At one time, when Muckle Bess had passed middle life, there was a great religious interest among the churches in that part of the country.

On one Sabbath day they were holding services in the open air. A great crowd of people had gathered round the minister. To the surprise of every one, who should appear, at the outside of the crowd, but poor Bess. Ragged, and wild-looking, she seemed just like the witch of Endor. The women trembled at the sight of her, and the men thought she had only come for mischief. But she sat quietly down on the grass and listened to the preaching. It

led her to think of her wicked life, and filled her heart with anguish. Presently she rose to her feet, stretched out her brawny arms, and cried in tones of agony that melted the hearts of all who heard her, "Oh, thou God o' my fathers; oh, thou God o' bonnie Scotland, that has been steeped in blood for thy name's sake; look on me a wretched sinner, who has scorned thee, and robbed thee, and defied thee! Hast thou na' promised cleansin' to them whose sins are scarlet and crimson? And whose sins are o' deeper dye than mine? God, be merciful to me a sinner!" And then she sank sobbing to the earth.

The stillness of death was over that congregation. The minister paused till poor Bess's sobs were no longer heard. Then he went on with the sermon. He spoke of the love of Christ in being willing to suffer and die for us. He told of his power and readiness to pardon and save all who truly turn to him, and referred to the case of the dying thief to prove the truth of what he said. This touched the heart of poor Bess, and led her to feel that there might be hope, even for her. Then she rose to her feet again, and cried, "Hear me, ye people o' God! Hear me, ye angels above! Hear me, ye powers

o' evil, while I vow afore ye all, that I will e'en tak' him at his word, and leave it there!"

From that time Muckle Bess became a changed woman. She went back to her father's house to live. But she occupied her time in going from house to house, to tell the story of Jesus and his love. And the rest of her life she spent in speaking kind words and doing kind acts to all about her. She was never tired of telling, with tears of heartfelt gratitude, what Jesus had done for her soul.

How beautifully this story illustrates the power and willingness of Jesus to save!

The fourth lesson we learn from the crucifixion of Christ is about—*the depth of his sufferings.*

The sufferings of his body were very great. When the Roman soldiers beat him on the back with their rods, his flesh was torn, and made to quiver with pain. Then his brow was torn by the sharp points of the crown of thorns that were pressed upon his head. His hands and feet were torn by the rough, cruel nails that were driven through them. And when the cross was set upright in the earth, and his body was hanging by those nails, who can tell the agony that must have been wringing every

nerve in it? Think of him as hanging thus for three or four dreadful hours! how long the moments must have seemed that made up those hours! And if he tried to change his position in the slightest degree, every movement must have increased the torture he was feeling a hundred fold.

But this was not all: this was not half the suffering that Jesus endured. If he had been feeling peaceful and comfortable in his mind while all this was going on, he would not have cared much for these bodily pains. But he had no such feeling. His mind or soul was enduring sufferings much worse than those which the scourges, and the crown of thorns, and the crucifixion, caused to his body. He said to his disciples as he entered Gethsemane—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." This was the sorrow he felt from thinking that his Father in heaven was angry with him, and was looking at him as if he were a sinner. He had taken our sins upon himself, and God was treating him as if he had really been a sinner. He was bearing the wrath of God that we had deserved for our sins. The apostle Paul tells us that—"He was made a curse for us." Gal. iii: 13. We cannot understand what Jesus had to

feel when this curse came down upon him. But it was this which wrung from him that bitter cry when the darkness came around him, as he hung upon the cross,—"My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

This made the sufferings that Jesus bore for us greater than we can tell, and greater than we can understand.

This part of our subject we must leave without attempting any illustration. There never was any sorrow or suffering like that which he bore for us. I know of nothing that could be used as an illustration here. This thought of the sufferings of Christ is like one of those places in the ocean which is so deep that we cannot get a line long enough to reach the bottom.

And then the last lesson for us to learn from the crucifixion of Christ is about—THE WONDERS OF HIS LOVE.

The apostle Paul tells us that the love of Christ—"*passeth knowledge.*" Ephes. iii: 19. He says the riches of this love are "*unsearchable.*" The love of Christ is like a mountain, so high that we cannot climb to the top of it. It is like a valley, so deep that we cannot get down to the bottom of it. It is like a plain, so broad that we cannot get to the beginning of it,

Jesus Commendeth His Mother to John

And one o the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.—Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the *wife* of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own *home.—St. Luke xxiii: 39–43; St. John xix: 25–27.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Oft-repeated words are apt, for this very reason, to lose the force of their significance; and the Cross of Calvary has furnished so frequent a theme for Christian literature and Christian art, that it is by an effort only, which we do well to exert, that the anguish of that lingering death can even dimly be appreciated. The harrowing details have often been recounted, and it is sufficient here to state in brief, that it comprised, in one awful agony, well-nigh every pang which the human body can be called upon to suffer; withholding for long the boon of death itself, and even the pitiful mercy of isolation. For that "lifting up," by which artists have striven to indicate the loneliness of Jesus, is not in accordance with the facts of the case. No timber in Palestine is of sufficient size to furnish crosses such as are generally represented, and we are forced instead to picture the patient sufferer during those many fatal hours, as raised but slightly above the level of the ground, and literally face to face with his tormentors.

on the one hand, or to the end of it on the other. And when we are looking at Jesus as he hangs upon the cross, we are in the best position we ever can occupy for trying to understand the wonders of his love. It was the love of Jesus which made him willing to come down from heaven and "humble himself unto death, even the death of the cross." It was the love of Jesus which made him willing to be nailed to the cross, and to hang there in agony and blood, till as the Te Deum says, he had "overcome the sharpness of death, and had opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." And as we stand before the cross of Christ, and think of the depth of his sufferings, and the wonders of his love, we may well ask in the language of the hymn:

"O Lamb of God! was ever *pain*,
Was ever *love* like Thine?"

And it is this wonderful love of Jesus, in dying for us, which gives to the story of the cross the strange power it has over the hearts of men.

"The Influence of the Love of Christ." We are so accustomed to hear of the blessed Saviour, and his amazing love, that it often gets to be a familiar story to us, and so it does not have its

proper influence on our hearts. But it is different with the missionaries of the gospel. When they tell the heathen about Jesus, and his love, it is new to them, and sometimes it has a strange effect upon them. Here is an instance of this:

The Rev. Mr. Nott, an English missionary in the South Sea Islands, was reading the third chapter of the gospel of St. John to a number of the natives. Presently he came to that wonderful statement in the 16th verse, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." When he heard this, one of the natives said, "What words were those you read? Let me hear those words again." The missionary read the verse again, slowly and deliberately. On hearing them again, the native rose and said, "Is that so? Can it be true that God loved the world, when the world did not love him?" "It *is* true," said the missionary. "And this is the message we bring you. If you believe in Jesus, and his love, it will save your soul, and make you happy forever." This wonderful love of Jesus won that heathen's heart, and he became a Christian.

This illustrates what the apostle Paul means when he says, "the love of Christ constraineth

us." To constrain, means to draw. The power which the gospel has to draw men's hearts to God is in the love of Christ.

"The Power of Love." A teacher was giving a lesson to a class of children, on metals and minerals. They were told that gold could be melted, and that all metals could be melted. Then the teacher asked: "Can stones be melted?"

"Yes," said a little boy; "stones are melted in volcanoes."

"That is true; and now, can you tell me what can melt a heart as hard as stone?"

After thinking for a few minutes, the little boy said: "I think it is God only who can melt a hard heart."

"You are right, my child; and now can you tell me how does God melt hard hearts?"

"It is by his love."

"You are right again, my child; it is the love of God that melts stony hearts. And it is by giving his Son to die for us that God shows his love."

Here is a very striking story to show the power of the love of Christ in melting a hard heart. We may call it:

"Hope for the Lost." Charles Anderson was the son of a sailor. His father was drowned at sea. Charles was left an orphan, in a seaport

town in England. Having no one to take care of him, he got in with bad boys, and grew up an idle, careless, swearing, drunken young man. In a drunken spree one night, he and his companions broke into a house and robbed it. He was taken to prison, tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation to New South Wales. After his arrival there, thinking that he was unjustly punished, he became sulky, obstinate, and rebellious. He cared for no rules. He minded no orders, but did just as he pleased. For his bad conduct he was flogged again and again. But punishment did him no good. He grew worse and worse. He became so thoroughly bad and unmanageable that at last he was sentenced to receive three hundred lashes on his back, and to be chained for two years to a barren rock that stood by itself in the middle of the harbor of Sydney. The wretched man was fastened by his waist to this rock, with a chain twenty-six feet long.

He had irons on his legs and had hardly a rag to cover him. His only bed was a hollow place scooped out in the rock. He had no other shelter than a wooden lid, with holes bored in it. This was locked over him at night and removed in the morning. If he had been

a wild beast, instead of a man, he could hardly have been treated worse. His food was pushed to him once a day, in a box, with a long pole. Sometimes people going by in boats, would throw him pieces of bread or biscuit. But no one was allowed to go near him or speak to him. Thus he spent two long years, a prisoner on that lonely rock. Of course, he grew no better, but worse, under such treatment. When his time was out, and he was released from the rock, he behaved so badly that very soon he was taken up again, and sent a prisoner to Norfolk Island, to work in chains for the rest of his life.

Now, what good could possibly be expected from such a man? None at all, if the same hard treatment had been continued towards him. But it was not continued. No, at Norfolk Island, he came under the care of a good Christian gentleman. This was Capt. Maconochie, an officer of the English army. He had great faith in the power of kindness and love. He found this man Anderson one of the very worst men he had ever met with; but he resolved to try the power of the gospel upon him. He treated him kindly, as one man ought to treat another. He got him to attend a night school which he had opened, and there had him

taught to read. Then he persuaded him to join a Bible class which he taught. He showed an interest in him and sympathy for him. He often took him apart by himself and talked kindly to him. He told him of the wonderful love of Jesus, as shown in the story of the cross. This touched and melted the hard and stony heart of that desperate man. He wept like a child, at the thought of his life of sin. He prayed earnestly for pardon, and found it. Charles Anderson—the fierce, unmanageable man—the man who had been chained, like a wild beast to that lonely rock, became a Christian. And he was a thoroughly changed man in every respect. The change from midnight to mid-day, from mid-winter to mid-summer, is not greater than the change that appeared in him. From being an ill-tempered, gloomy, disobedient, idle man who was a plague to all about him, he became gentle, and kind, cheerful, obedient, and trustworthy; a man who gained the respect and the love of all who knew him. Capt. Moconochie got him released from being a prisoner, on account of his good behaviour. Then he took him into his own service, and a more useful and excellent servant he never had in all his life. Here we see the

power of the love of Christ. And so when we think of the history of the crucifixion, let us remember these six things,—the place—the time—the manner—the witnesses—the wonders —and the words—which make up that history. And when we think of the lessons it teaches—let us remember the lesson of forgiveness—the lesson of duty to our parents—the lesson about the power and willingness of Christ to save—about the depths of his sufferings—and the wonders of his love.

We cannot better close this subject than with the words of the hymn we often sing:

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life—my soul—my all."

THE BURIAL

IN the last chapter, we left our blessed Lord hanging dead upon the cross. Deep darkness was spread over the land, as if to hide from view the awful wickedness which men were committing.

We have now to consider what became of the dead Saviour after this. When death enters our homes and lays his icy hand on some one whom we love, we know that the next thing to follow is the funeral. We have to make preparation, as Abraham said on the death of Sarah, his wife, to "bury our dead out of our sight." Gen. xxiii: 4. And so, after the crucifixion, or death of our Saviour, the next thing for us to consider is—his burial. We have an account of this burial in each of the four gospels. We can read all that is said about it in the following places: —St. Matt. xxvii: 56-66; St. Mark xv: 42-47; St. Luke xxiii: 50-56, and St. John xix: 38-42.

The history of the burial of Christ, given in these different places, briefly stated, is, that as soon as he was dead, and while he was yet hanging on the cross, two men came forward and took charge of his burial. One of these is called "Joseph of Arimathea." We know nothing about him before this. His name was never mentioned before, and after this it is never mentioned again in the Scriptures. What we are told about him is, that he was a rich man—an honorable counsellor, or a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim: he was a just and good man—a disciple of Jesus—but had kept his thoughts and feelings on this subject to himself, because he was afraid of the Jews. And with him came Nicodemus—of whom we read in the third chapter of St. John—who came to Jesus by night to have a talk with him on the subject of religion. He was also a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and "a ruler of the Jews." Joseph went boldly in before Pilate, and asked permission from him to take the body of Jesus down from the cross and have it buried. This was in the afternoon of the same day on which the crucifixion had taken place. Pilate was surprised to think that Jesus could have died so soon. Death by crucifixion, although very

painful, was still a lingering death. It is said that cases have been known of persons who have hung upon the cross for two or three days before death put an end to their sufferings. We do not wonder, therefore, that Pilate should have felt surprised, when he heard that Jesus, who was crucified about twelve o'clock, should have been dead about three o'clock the same afternoon. He sent for the centurion, who had charge of the crucifixion, and asked if it was true that Jesus was already dead. The centurion had carefully examined the body, and told Pilate that he was really dead.

Then Pilate gave Joseph and Nicodemus permission to take down the body and bury it. Immediately they went back to Calvary and took the body of Jesus down from the cross. They could hardly do it by themselves, and they had, no doubt, engaged some other persons to help them. We are not told how the body was taken down. In the art gallery, at Antwerp in Belgium, there is a famous painting of this scene, by Rubens the celebrated Flemish artist. It is called—"The Descent from the Cross." Here, Joseph and Nicodemus are represented as having set up ladders against the cross. They have climbed up the ladder, and have drawn out

the nails, and then we see them carefully handing down the dead body of our blessed Lord. This would be one way of taking the body down.

Another way would be to lift the cross up from the place in the earth, where it was fastened, and lay it carefully down on the ground, with the body of Jesus still nailed to it. It would be much easier to get the nails out, with the cross in this position, than while it was standing upright. But we are not told how it was done, and so we are at liberty to think of either of these ways as the one that was adopted. And now, the mangled body of the dead Saviour is removed from the cross. Then, it is reverently wrapped in the linen which Joseph had brought with him for this purpose. Nicodemus had brought a hundred pounds weight of spices, myrrh and aloes. These were probably in the form of powder. It was the custom of the Jews to use these spices in the burial of the dead, because they have the power of preventing decay from taking place immediately.

In a warm country like Palestine, decay begins very soon after death. And in a body that had been torn and mangled, as was the case with the body of Jesus, it would take place still sooner. And so the use of the spices was necessary.

No doubt the wounds made by the nails in the hands and feet of our Saviour, and the gash of the spear in his blessed side, were gently filled with those powdered spices. And then the spices were put freely in between the folds of the linen that were wrapped about his dead cold limbs. The Jews did not use coffins. Their dead were only wrapped in grave-clothes, as was the case with Lazarus, and here with our Lord.

And now the preparations are made. The body is ready for the burial. And the grave is ready for the body. Near to Calvary, where Jesus was crucified, there was a garden. And in that garden was a new tomb, in which no dead body had ever lain. This tomb was dug out from the solid rock. The rocks around Jerusalem are filled with such tombs. They are not generally dug down below the surface of the ground, as we make our graves, but into the side of the rock, and on a level with the ground. This tomb belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. It had, no doubt, been made for himself and family. How little he thought when he had that new tomb made, that Jesus, the Son of God, and the Redeemer of the world, would be the first one to occupy it! What an honor and privilege Joseph had in being permitted to

furnish the tomb in which the dead body of the Lord of life was to rest till the morning of the resurrection!

And now, the funeral procession is formed. Joseph and Nicodemus, and their helpers, take reverently hold of the body of Jesus, and bear it quietly and solemnly away to the open tomb in yonder garden. No doubt the good women, who lingered round the cross, joined in the procession, and followed the body of their Lord to the place where it was to lie. They reach the tomb. On the rocky floor of that tomb, the lifeless body of Jesus is gently laid. They linger in silence around it. They gaze at it with loving wonder and amazement. Then they go out. A great stone is rolled against the mouth of the tomb. And now, all that loving hearts can suggest, or willing hands can do for the buried one has been done. They pause awhile to meditate on that silent tomb, and then slowly retire to their homes, to prepare for the Jewish Sabbath, which began at six o'clock on Friday evening.

But there is one other thing to notice in connection with this burial. The priests had heard Jesus speak of rising from the dead on the third day. They went to Pilate and told

Jesus Yieldeth Up the Ghost

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost. Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man. And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.—*St. Luke xxiii: 44–48.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Of the various points of evidence which may be adduced in favor of the identity of the spot referred to in picture No. 68 with the Golgotha of the Gospels one only need here be dwelt upon. "The palace of the skull" is the interpretation of the Hebrew word as given in the Authorized Version, but according to the Revised Version "the place called the 'Skull'" is the more accurate translation, and the singular suitability of this name to the hillock in question is obvious to anyone looking at it from the Mount of Olives; the caves and apertures in the face of the cliff beneath its rounded summit bearing a strange resemblance to the eye-sockets and nostrils of a human skull. The significance also of the words, "They that passed by railed on him," is at once apparent; as the knoll is in full view of passers-by to east and north, standing as it does at the junction of the high roads from Jericho and Damascus.

him of this. They said they were afraid that his disciples might come by night and steal away his body, and then declare that he had risen from the dead. They asked him, therefore, to allow them to seal the stone over the mouth of the grave with his seal, and to have a guard of Roman soldiers appointed to keep watch over the tomb till the third day was passed. Pilate gave them leave to do this. And we read, "so they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch." St. Matt. xxvii: 66.

Such is the history of the burial of our Saviour. And as we stand in thought before the silent tomb in which the body of Jesus is lying, we may well say, in the words of one of our hymns for Easter even:

"All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts, and Satan's spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night,
Yet once more, his own to save,
Christ must sleep within the grave.

"Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross he bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

"Close and still the tomb that holds him,
While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard won victory.

"Near this tomb, with voice of sadness,
Chant the anthem sweet and low;
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
From to-morrow's harps shall flow;
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."

This is the history of the burial of Christ. And now we may speak of four lessons taught us by this history.

The first lesson taught us is about—THE CERTAINTY OF HIS DEATH.

Sometimes the enemies of our religion have ventured to say that Jesus did not really die, but that he only fainted, or swooned, or appeared to die. But it is of the highest importance for us to know that Jesus did really die. When we are saying or singing that grand old anthem—the TE DEUM, we look up to Jesus and say, "When thou had'st *overcome the sharpness of death*, thou did'st open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." By Christ's overcoming the sharpness of death is meant his resurrection from the dead. But, if his resurrection was a

real resurrection, then the death from which he rose, must have been a real death. We cannot come out of a state, or place, if we have never been in it. It is impossible that you, or I, for example, should go out of this church, unless we were first in it. And when we know that none of us could enter heaven, unless Jesus had really died for us, we see how important it is for us to be sure of the certainty of his death.

Now there was one thing connected with the burial of Christ which proves that he was really dead, and that was the drawing out of the nails from his hands and feet. When a great, rough nail or spike has been driven into a piece of solid wood, we know how hard it is to draw it out. There were two such spikes driven through the palms of the hands of Jesus, and two through his feet. In trying to draw these out, I suppose they must have made use of a large pair of pincers, or of a hammer with a claw on one side of it. As they came to those nails, one by one, they would have to get the nippers of the pincers or the claw of the hammer under the head of the nail. Then they would have to press down hard on the bruised and torn part of the hands and feet of our Saviour. Now this

must have been so very painful that if he had only fainted on the cross this dreadful operation, as they went through with it four times, would certainly have brought him out from his fainting fit. But it did not. It had not the slightest effect upon him. There was no more feeling in his hands or feet than there was in the wood of the cross to which he was nailed. And this proves that he was really dead.

But then there was another thing that took place at the crucifixion of Jesus which also proves the certainty of his death. We read in St. John xix: 34—"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." If Jesus had not been dead before this took place, that cruel spear, thrust into his heart, would certainly have killed him. If Jesus had been alive when the soldier did this, not blood and water, but only blood, would have flowed out from the wound which the spear made. And learned physicians who have examined this matter tell us that two things are clearly proved by this flowing out of blood and water from the wound which the soldier's spear had made in our Saviour's side. One of these is, that he was already dead. The soldier's spear did not kill

him, but it proved that he was dead before the wound was made.

And then the other thing which it proved was that Jesus had died of a broken heart. In Dr. Hanna's "Life of Christ," Vol. III. pp. 369-379, may be found letters from several eminent Scottish physicians, showing that nothing but a broken heart could account for the flowing out of "blood and water" from the wound in our Saviour's side. It was not being nailed to the cross that killed our blessed Lord. Neither was it the wound made by the spear. No, but it was the great sorrow he had felt in being made to bear our sins, that had really broken his heart.

The sixty-ninth Psalm is one of the passages in the Old Testament that refers to Christ. It is he who is speaking there. And in the twentieth verse of that Psalm, we find him saying of himself, "*Reproach hath broken my heart.*" And so when we think of "the blood and water" that flowed out from his wounded side, and of the drawing out of those nails from his hands and feet, we may feel perfectly sure about the certainty of the death of Christ.

The next lesson that we learn from the burial of Christ is about—THE FULFILLMENT OF HIS WORD.

The prophet Isaiah had spoken about the death and burial of our Saviour seven hundred years before he was born into our world. In the ninth verse of the fifty-third chapter of his prophecy, where he is speaking of Jesus he says. "And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death." This means that it was arranged, or intended, that he should be buried with the wicked, and yet it would so happen that he would be with the rich in his death. We can easily see how it was to be expected that Jesus would be buried with the wicked, because he died with them. He was crucified between two thieves. These thieves were buried "with the wicked," or in the place where common criminals were generally buried. And as Jesus had died with them, so it was to be expected that he would have been buried with them. And this is what would have happened if God had not ordered it otherwise. The disciples of Jesus had all forsaken him. And even if they had not done so, none of them were rich. Pilate would not have given them leave to take charge of the body of their dead Master. And if they had had it, they could not have procured a rich man's grave in which to bury it. It seemed impossible, therefore, that

what Isaiah had spoken should come to pass. But that was the word of God. It was written in the scripture that Jesus was to be "with the rich in his death." And "the scriptures cannot be broken." God's word must be fulfilled. And so, just when Jesus was dying, Joseph of Arimathea, who had been a secret disciple of Jesus, made his appearance. He was a rich man. He had a sepulchre near at hand. He asked Pilate to let him have the body of Jesus, for the purpose of burying it. Pilate gave it to him. He buried it in his new tomb. And so the words of Isaiah were fulfilled to the very letter; although it seemed impossible before that such should have been the case. Jesus died with the wicked, and yet was buried with the rich. And here we see how wonderfully God's word was fulfilled.

And we meet with instances, continually, to show that God is still fulfilling his word in ways that are equally wonderful.

"Try It." A Christian woman, rich in faith, but poor in this world's goods, was greatly perplexed about the meaning of the words, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." She said to herself: "the best way to find out the meaning of such a promise, is to try it. I'll try it."

It was Saturday night. After buying what her children would need for Sunday, she had just two dollars left. Putting this money in her pocket, she went out. She had not gone far when a friend met her, who was in great distress, and asked the loan of two dollars. She gave the money to her friend, and resolved she would wait and see how God would fulfill his word.

Monday morning came. She had nothing with which to buy food for her family. While wondering what she should do, there came a knock at the door. On opening it a lady came in with a bundle in her hand. "Can you do some work for me?" she asked. "Certainly." "What will you charge?" The price was named. The lady put two dollars in her hand, saying, "This is more than you ask, but you may as well have it."

The good woman shouted for joy. She had tried God's promise, and had found out how wonderfully he fulfills his word.

"The Bullfinch." Andrew Austin lived in Scotland. He was a tailor by trade, a good, honest, Christian man, but very poor. At the time to which this story refers, he was in great trouble. Sickness in his family had used up all

his money. The rent of his cottage was due, and he had nothing to pay it with. "What shall I do?" he said to himself, in great distress. He took down his Bible, and opened it at the book of Psalms. His eye rested on the fourth verse of the seventy-second Psalm—"*For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth.*" He kneeled down and told God of his trouble, and asked him to fulfill that promise in his present distress. As he rose from his knees his heart was comforted, and he felt sure that God would fulfill his word and send, in some way, the help that was needed.

He resolved to go and see his landlord, and ask him to allow him a week's time in which to pay the rent.

Just as he opened the door to go out, a little bird flew past him, perched upon the mantle-shelf, and hopped about, chirping merrily. Andrew closed the door, and watched the movements of the little fellow with great interest. He saw that it was a bullfinch, a piping bullfinch. This is a bird something like a sparrow, with a round head and short thick bill. Bullfinches are great singers. They can learn tunes, and carry them all through nicely. While Andrew was watching the bird, it hopped

on to the Bible which he had just been reading, and lifting up its little head began to sing the tune of "Old Hundred." Of course the bird only had the music without the words. But Andrew joined him, and put in the words:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

When he got through singing this verse, the old man felt perfectly happy. Leaving the little stranger in his room, he went to see the landlord; and as he walked along he was repeating to himself the words of the twenty-third Psalm —"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

He found the landlord very pleasant. He readily gave him the additional time he wanted to make up his rent. As he was going home feeling very bright and cheerful, he was singing to a simple tune these words which just suited his circumstances:

"The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'"

As he went on, he was spoken to by a servant in livery, whom he recognized at once as the

footman of Lady Armistead, a rich and pious old lady, who lived at Basford Hall, about three miles from the village where he resided.

"You seem to be in good spirits, Andrew," said the servant, who was an old acquaintance. "You sing so well, one would think you had swallowed Lady Armistead's bullfinch. It's been missing these two days. I'm going home now, for it's no use seeking any more. Her ladyship takes on dreadfully about the bird, for it was a great favorite, and a regular tip-topper at singing.

Then Andrew asked him to go home with him, and said he should find his bird again. As they walked along towards the cottage, Andrew told his friend the story of his troubles; how he had prayed; what God had said to him out of his Book; and how the bullfinch came and cheered his heart; how he had been to the landlord's, and had got another week to turn round in; "and look you here John Morris, my rent'll be ready when it's wanted, as sure as my name's Andrew; for that bird was sent from my heavenly father, and brought me His message on its wings, 'for his mercy endureth for ever.'"

So John got the bullfinch and took it home to his mistress. When she heard about it, Lady

Armistead sent for the tailor. His simple story moved her to tears. She thought more of her bullfinch than ever, since God had made him a messenger of mercy to one of his suffering children. She gave the tailor money enough to pay his rent, and told him that he should have work from Basford Hall as long as he lived. "God bless your ladyship," said Andrew, with a grateful heart. Just then the bullfinch struck up its favorite tune, and Andrew joined in the song.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Lady Armistead smiled with sympathy, and Andrew added—"Yes, yes: Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever."

Now, however long old Andrew might have lived after that, I think he would never read over that verse in the seventy-second Psalm —"He shall deliver the needy when he crieth," without remembering the lesson we are here taught by the burial of Christ—and that is, how wonderfully he fulfills his word.

The next lesson we learn from the burial of Christ is about—THE WORKING OF HIS PROVIDENCE.

Suppose we are looking at a great clock. Its wheels are moving slowly on. We listen, and

hear it going—tick-tick-tick. The hands on the dial plate are getting near to twelve o'clock; and the very moment the minute hand comes over the figure 12, the hammer in the clock starts up, and begins to pound on the bell, and the clock strikes twelve. The maker of that clock arranged every part of its machinery in such a way that it would be sure to keep time and strike the hours as they came.

And the providence of God is just like such a clock. He is the maker of it. And he not only made the wheels of its machinery in the beginning, but he manages them all the time. He has his hand on every part of it. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" to die for us. He was willing to have him crucified with wicked men. But he wished to have him buried with rich men. And seven hundred years before Jesus was born into our world he had said that it should be so. And when the time for Christ's burial came, the clock of his providence struck, just as he said it should do. Joseph of Arimathea was one of the wheels in this clock; and when the right time came, there he was—ready to bury the dead Saviour in his own new tomb. And thus, in the wonderful working of God's providence, it

came to pass that Jesus was—"with the rich in his death." And as we think of ourselves, as standing by the tomb in which Jesus was buried, and seeing how strangely the prophecy about his burial was fulfilled, we cannot help wondering at the working of God's providence. It is true indeed, as the hymn says—that

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform:
> He plants his footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm."

And it is just the same now as it was then. Here are some examples of the working of this providence.

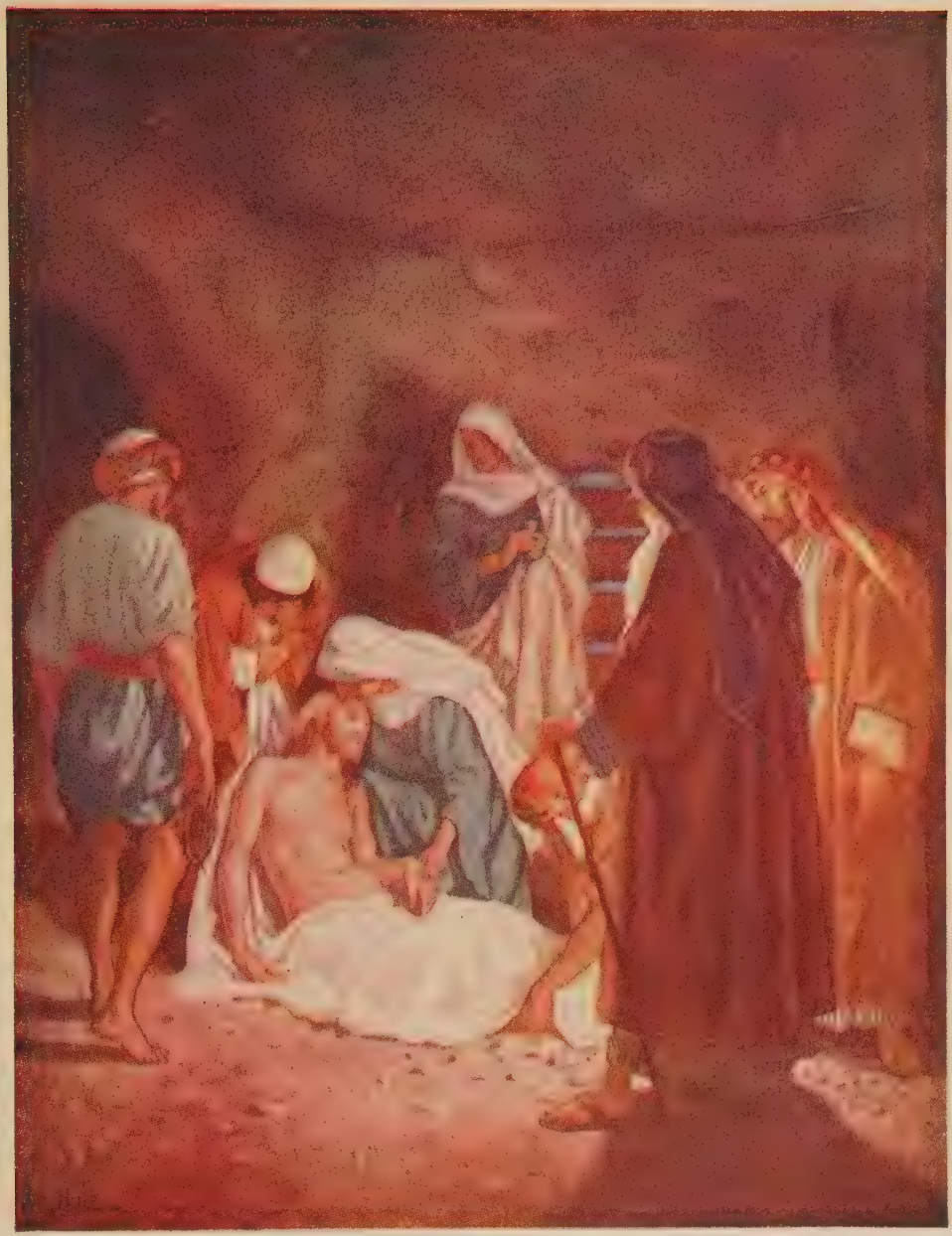
"The Raven of Winslade Quarry." Winslade is a small town in England, famous for its stone quarries. Some years ago an incident occurred there which strikingly illustrates this part of our subject. The men were at work in the lower part of the quarry. Directly above was a great mass of overhanging rocks. Dinner time came; but just as they were getting ready for it, a raven flew down, picked up the little parcel which contained one of the miners' dinner and flew away with it. The man of course did not want to lose his dinner, so he ran after the bird, thinking that she would soon have to stop, and

The Body of Jesus Laid in the Tomb

And, behold, *there was* a man named Joseph, a counsellor; *and he was* a good man, and a just. (The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them;) *he was* of Arimathæa, a city of the Jews: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God. This *man* went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid. And that day was the preparation, and the sabbath drew on. And the women also, which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments.—*St. Luke xxiii: 50–56.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

In a garden beneath this cliff, where Joseph's new tomb was, there is a tomb bearing marked characteristics. The workmanship shows it to be Jewish and of the Herodian period, yet when first discovered there were traces of a cross painted upon the wall. Although there is room in the sepulchre for four bodies, one only of these has been completed, one only occupied. In digging near the foundations of a neighboring monastery, a Christian grave was found bearing the remarkable words, "Laid near his Lord." We may never know the real meaning of these facts, but they are at least significant, and especially so in view of the cogent arguments which can be urged against the acceptance of the traditional site of the Holy Sepulchre.



lay down her heavy burden, and then he would get his dinner again.

His companions wished to see the fun and they joined in the chase. The bird was stronger than they thought and led them a long way off before she alighted. But, at last she flew down the side of a steep and dangerous precipice and laid her bundle on a projecting rock. She seemed to feel that she was safe there, and so she was, for no one was willing to risk his life by attempting to go down that perilous place. Then the men gave up the chase, and went back to the quarry. On reaching the spot they found to their surprise that a great mass of rock had fallen down just where they would have been eating their dinner. It would have crushed them to death if the raven had not come and taken them away in time to save them. Thus God made use of that bird to save the lives of those men. Here we see the wonderful working of God's providence.

"Delivered by a Dog." A minister of the gospel, who had a country parish in New England, tells this story:

"A farmer belonging to my parish, and who was quite well off, died suddenly. Shortly after his death his widow, who was a good Christian

woman, concluded to give up the farm and take a small house in the neighboring village. The farm was sold and then an auction was held to sell the things on the farm and in the house, except the furniture that would be needed for the little house in the village.

"I went to see her," said the minister on the day of the sale. "I told her I thought she had done wisely in concluding to give up the farm, for it was half a mile away from any other house, and she would be lonely and unprotected there."

"'Oh! no,' she said, 'not unprotected; far from it! You forget that I am now under the special charge of that God "who careth for the widow and the fatherless," and who, I am sure, will protect us.'

"And now, let me tell you how God did protect them. There was a good deal of money in the house that night from the sale which had taken place. The only persons in the house were the mother with her three young children and their maid servant.

"Some time after going to bed she heard a strange and unusual noise at the back of the house. Then she was startled by the barking of a dog, apparently in the room under her

chamber. This alarmed her still more as they had no dog of their own.

"She arose and dressed herself hastily. She awoke her maid and they went down stairs. They first looked into the room where they heard the dog. There they saw a huge black dog, scratching and barking furiously at the door leading into the kitchen. She told her servant to open the door where the dog was scratching. The girl was brave, and opened the door without a fear. In a moment the dog rushed out, and through the open door the widow saw two men at the kitchen window, which was also open. The men instantly turned to run, and the dog leaped through the window and ran after them. There was a fierce fight between them, but the men finally got away, though followed far off by the faithful dog.

"Mrs. M., and her maid fastened the window and doors, and concluded to sit up for the rest of the night, for, of course it would be impossible to sleep after what had taken place. They had hardly taken their seats before they heard their noble protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They gladly let him in, and when he came up to them, wagging

his great bushy tail, they patted and praised him for his goodness and courage. Then he stretched his huge form beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast that any dog might have been glad to get. As soon as he had finished his breakfast, he went to the door, and stood impatiently whining till the door was opened, when off he ran in a great hurry, and they never saw him again.

"They had never seen the dog before, and knew not to whom it belonged. But the grateful widow felt sure that her Father in heaven had sent him for their protection that night. And her faith was stronger than ever at the mysterious working of his providence."

"Say not, my soul, From whence
Can God relieve my care?
Remember that omnipotence
Hath servants everywhere."

The last lesson taught us by the burial of Christ is—A LESSON OF COMFORT.

If Christ had not suffered, and died, and been buried for us, we should have no comfort when we come to die. The thought of having to lie down in the grave would have been terrible to us. But Jesus died and laid in the grave

for us, on purpose that we might not be afraid to die.

It is true as the hymn says, that:

> "The graves of all his saints he blest
> When in the grave he lay."

David had learned this lesson, by faith in the promised Saviour, long before he came to earth, and it was this that enabled him to say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Ps. 23:4.

And the apostle Paul had learned the same lesson, when he exclaimed so joyfully, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I. Cor. xv: 55, 57.

Good Dr. Muhlenberg put this lesson very sweetly into a single verse of his beautiful hymn, when he said:

> "I would not live alway; no; welcome the tomb,
> Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom.
> There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
> To hail him in triumph descending the skies."

The sweet Scottish poet Bonar had learned this lesson well, and was feeling the comfort

which the thought of Christ's burial gives when he could think of dying and lying in the grave, and speak about it in these words:

"I go to life and not to death;
From darkness to life's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.

"Let our farewell, then, be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

"I go from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel-fair,
From the pale leanness of this flesh
To beauty such as saints shall wear.

"I go from chains to liberty,
These fetters will be broken soon;
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
I'll walk beneath a glorious noon.

"For toil there comes the crowned rest;
Instead of burdens, eagles' wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
Shall quench at everlasting springs."

We see the true effect of Christ's burial in the feeling of comfort which those who believe in him experience when they come to die. Here are some examples of what I mean.

When Dr. Watts was on his death-bed, he said, "I bless God that I can lie down at night without the slightest fear whether I wake in this world or another."

Another good minister, when asked how he felt at the approach of death, said,—"I am just going into eternity; but I bless God, I am neither ashamed to live, nor afraid to die."

During the reign of Henry VIII, of England, many good men were cruelly put to death for the sake of their religion. Among these was Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. When he came in sight of the scaffold on which he was to die, he took out of his pocket a Greek Testament, and looking up to heaven, said, "Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may comfort me in this trying hour." Then he opened the book, and his eye rested on this passage, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." He closed the book and said, "Praised be God! this is all I need. This is enough for life, or for death; for time, or for eternity."

When the Rev. James Harvey came to his last sickness, his physician came in one day and told him he had but very little time to live.

"Then let me spend my last moments," said he, "in praising my blessed Saviour. Though my heart and my flesh fail, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. St. Paul says: 'All things are yours, whether life or death; things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Here is the treasure of a Christian, and a noble treasure it is. Death is ours. Jesus has made it our friend, by his death and burial. Praise God for this truth. And now welcome death! How well thou mayest be welcomed among the treasures of the Christian. 'For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.'"

The Rev. William Janeway was another excellent and faithful minister of Christ. In his closing sickness, these were among the last words that he spoke: "I bless God I can die in peace. I know what that means, 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts.' It is keeping mine now. My joy is greater than I can express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Now I can die. It is nothing. I long to die. I desire to depart and be with Christ." And so he died.

These good men had studied well the subject of Christ's burial, and had learned the lesson of comfort it was intended to teach us. And when we think of the burial of Christ, let us remember the lessons of which we have now spoken in connection with it. These are the lessons about the *certainty of his death:—the fulfillment of his word;—the working of his providence;—and the comfort we derive from his burial.*

The collect for Easter-even, is a very appropriate one with which to close this subject:—"Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections, we may be buried with him; and that through the grave and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection, for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

THE RESURRECTION

THE rising of our blessed Lord from the dead was one of the most important events in the history of his life on earth.

Let us take an illustration of its importance. Suppose that we were living in England, and that we were well acquainted with Victoria—the good and gracious queen of that great kingdom. And suppose that it should please the queen to make us a present of one of the fine old castles of England, with all the lands and property belonging to it. In giving us this castle, or, as the lawyers say, in "*conveying* it to us," the queen would order a title deed to be made out. This deed would be necessary; because if any one else should claim that the castle belonged to him, we could then open the deed and show that the queen had really given it to us. A title deed, like this of which we are now speaking, is generally written on a sheet

of parchment. In this deed would be found the name of the castle, with a full description of it, and all the property belonging to it. It would be stated here how many acres of land were connected with it; and then it would be written down that the queen had given it to us, and that it was to belong to us, and to our children, or heirs forever. But after all this had been written out, the deed would be good for nothing unless something more were done to it. It would be necessary for the queen to sign her own name to the deed—Victoria Regina—and then put the royal seal upon it. The property described in it could never become ours, unless the queen's signature and seal were added to it.

When Jesus came down from heaven to earth, his great object was to secure for his people a home in heaven,—a mansion in the skies. When he hung upon the cross, we may well say that he was writing out the title deed to those mansions, in his own blood. But, after this deed had thus been written, it was necessary for his Father in heaven to show that he approved of what had been done. When Jesus died and was buried, we may say that he took with him the title deed to our heavenly home,

to get his Father to sign it and seal it. And when the resurrection of Jesus took place it showed that this was done. Then God the Father did, as it were, say—"I approve of what my beloved son has done. I sign and seal the title deed which he has written out to secure a home in heaven for all who love and serve him."

This shows us how very important the resurrection of Jesus was. And because it is so important, we may well feel a great interest in studying the subject of Christ's resurrection. And in doing this there are two things for us carefully to consider. These are—*The proof of the resurrection of Christ; and the lessons we are taught by it.*

Let us begin by considering—*the proof of the resurrection of Christ.* We have great cause for thankfulness that the proof given us on this subject is so clear and strong. There is no fact of history supported by stronger proof than is the fact of Christ's resurrection. We believe that there was such a person as Napoleon Bonaparte; that he was emperor of France; and that he died a prisoner on the island of St. Helena. We believe that there was such a person as George Washington; that he was the leader of our armies during the revolutionary

war; and that, after the war, he was the first president of the United States. We believe that there was such a person as Julius Cæsar; that he was a successful general of the Roman armies; and that he met his death in the Senate chamber from the daggers of the Roman senators. No one doubts these facts. They are matters of history. And yet the proof we have of the resurrection of Christ is clearer and stronger than the proof we have for what we believe respecting Julius Cæsar, or George Washington, or Napoleon Bonaparte. Nothing that we read of in history is more sure than this, that Jesus did rise from the dead.

Many years ago, there was an infidel club in England. It was composed of learned and distinguished men. At the meetings of the club, its members were in the habit of ridiculing the Bible and of trying to show it was not worthy of being believed. On one occasion a member of this club was appointed to examine the subject of the resurrection of Christ and to write an essay for the purpose of showing that there was no satisfactory proof that he ever rose from the dead.

He examined carefully what is said on this subject in the New Testament. And the end

"He is not Here, but is Risen"

And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath day according to the commandment.—Now upon the first *day* of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain *others* with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments. And as they were afraid, and bowed down *their* faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. And they remembered his words. And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.—*St. Luke xxiii: 56; xxiv: 1–9.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

This and the following picture present the chief features of the rock-hewn tomb referred to in Note facing picture No. 71. It is about fifteen feet long by eleven feet wide, and eight feet in height, and it is divided transversely by a flattened arch supporting the roof. The single completed grave is formed by the erection on the floor-level of a limestone slab in notches cut in the rock for its support, thus forming, with the walls, a sort of built sarcophagus, or coffin. An additional hollow, cut in the rock for the reception of the head, explains the meaning of "the napkin that was about his head" being "in a place by itself." Sepulchres of this type are comparatively rare, and, providing as it does a minimum of accommodation for the labor expended on its construction, this new tomb must obviously have belonged to a man of wealth.

of it was, that he became fully convinced of the fact that Christ did rise from the dead. And, instead of writing an article for that infidel club to show that what Christians believe about the resurrection of Christ is not true, he wrote one of the best books that ever has been written, to prove, beyond all doubt, that the resurrection of Christ is true. He became an earnest Christian. And that which led to this great change was the convincing proof he found in the New Testament of the truth of the resurrection of Christ. He saw it was true that Jesus did rise from the dead. And when he became satisfied that this was true, he was obliged to admit that all the other teachings of the New Testament respecting Christ must be true also. The resurrection of Christ is the foundation stone on which the religion of the Bible is built up. If that falls, this must fall. But if that stands firm and sure, then this must stand firm and sure also.

And in examining the proof of the resurrection of Christ the most important thing to notice is—*the number and character of the witnesses.*

The first person who saw our blessed Lord, after he rose from the dead, was Mary Magdalene. We read about this in St. Mark xi: 9.

St. John xx: 11-18. After this he appeared to certain other women, who were returning from the sepulchre. St. Matt. xxviii: 9, 10. Then he appeared to Simon Peter, alone. St. Luke xxiv: 34, I. Cor. xv: 5. His next appearance was to two of his disciples, as they were walking together from Jerusalem to a village called Emmaus. He had a long talk with them and stopped and ate bread with them. St. Luke xxiv: 13-32. The fifth appearance of the risen Saviour was to ten of his disciples, Thomas being the only one of them who was not there. This was at Jerusalem, on the evening of the first glad Easter day. St. John xx: 19-32. After this we hear nothing of him for a week. But on the evening of "the first Sunday after Easter," he made his sixth appearance. On this occasion the eleven disciples were all together. Thomas was with them now. They were sitting in a room, with the door closed, and no doubt fastened, for fear of the Jews. Only one subject could occupy their thoughts—and that was the resurrection of their wonderful Master. Suddenly Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said, "Peace be unto you." In spite of all that he had heard from the other disciples, Thomas declared he could not believe it possible

that Jesus had risen from the dead. When his brethren told him that it was true, he said, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." But on this occasion the loving and gracious Saviour met his doubting disciple in the very way in which he had desired to be met. For we read: "Then saith he to Thomas, reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands: and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." St. John xx: 26-29.

The seventh appearance of the risen Saviour, was on the shore of the sea of Galilee. A number of the apostles were together on this occasion. It was one of the most touching and impressive of all his interviews with them. The deeply interesting account of what took place at this time is given in full in the twenty-first chapter of St. John's gospel; but we cannot enlarge on the subject now.

The eighth time that Jesus was seen after his resurrection was by the eleven disciples again. We read in St. Matt. xxviii: 16—"Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them."

This refers to St. Matt. xxvi: 32, when as they were partaking together of the Lord's Supper for the first time, after referring to his death he said, "But after I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee." We are not told where this meeting was held, or what took place on that occasion.

The ninth appearance of the risen Lord, is that of which St. Paul speaks in I. Cor. xv: 7, where he tells us that "he appeared to above four hundred brethren at once." The place here referred to is not mentioned, and so cannot be known. It was probably in Galilee. Jesus had spent most of his public life in that part of the country. He had made most of his disciples there. It was proper, therefore, that those disciples, who would, of course, hear of his death, should have some public proof given them of the fact of his resurrection. No doubt the eleven disciples went to Galilee after Jesus rose. They would spread the news that he had risen, and that he was about to show himself to his friends on a certain mountain. Nothing more would be necessary anywhere to draw together a great concourse of people than a report that one who was dead had come to life again, and was about to show himself; and in this case

where they greatly loved him, and where, no doubt, many believed he would rise, they would naturally come together in great numbers to see him once more.

The tenth appearance of Christ after his resurrection was to the apostle James. This is told us by St. Paul, who says I. Cor. xv: 7. "After that he was seen of James." This is not mentioned in any of the gospels. But as Jesus was on earth for forty days after his resurrection, it is most likely that he appeared often to his disciples, and that only enough of the more prominent appearances were mentioned, to prove the fact that he had risen.

The eleventh occasion on which Jesus was seen after his resurrection was on the Mount of Olives, just before his ascension into heaven. On this occasion all the eleven apostles were present, and no doubt great numbers of his other disciples.

And then there was one other occasion on which Jesus appeared, making twelve in all. This was after his ascension into heaven. To this the apostle Paul refers, when he says, "And last of all he was seen of me also." I. Cor. xv: 8. This was when he had that wonderful vision near Damascus. Then the great apostle to the

Gentiles, saw the same Lord Jesus, in the same body which had been seen by others. Unless it were so, this would be no proof that Jesus was risen from the dead. It was not a *fancy* therefore that he had seen him. It was not *revealed* to him, that Jesus was risen. "Last of all he was *seen* of me." With his bodily eyes, St. Paul actually saw, in a bodily form, that same Jesus who had died upon the cross; who had been buried in that rocky sepulchre; who had risen from the dead and had ascended into heaven. Such were the witnesses of the resurrection, as to their number.

And now look at the *character* of these witnesses. They were *sensible* men. They knew what they were doing. They could not be mistaken about the fact of Christ's resurrection. They had seen him put to death upon the cross. They had seen him buried. On the third day after his burial they had found his tomb empty. His body was gone. Then they saw him alive. They could not be mistaken about his person. They knew him too well for this. They had seen the print of the nails in his hands. This made the proof of his resurrection perfect.

And then they were *honest* men. They had no motive for preaching the resurrection of

Christ but the sincere belief that it was true. If they could have made money or gained honor by preaching the resurrection, that would have been a reason for their doing so even if it had not been true. But the very opposite of this was the case. Preaching the resurrection brought on them the loss of all they had in the world. It caused them to be persecuted, imprisoned, and put to death. And yet they went on preaching that Christ had risen. And they would have been guilty of the greatest folly if they had done this without being thoroughly convinced that it was true. But they were perfectly satisfied of the truth of what they preached, and *this* was the reason why they went on preaching it.

And then, if Christ had not risen from the dead, it would have been the easiest thing in the world for the enemies of his cause to have denied it. That would have ended the matter. *But they never did this.* And the only reason why they did not do so, was that they knew it was true that Christ had risen. They could not deny the fact. And when we put these things all together, we see how perfectly convincing is the proof of the resurrection of Christ.

And now let us look at some of the lessons taught us by our Lord's resurrection.

The first lesson we may learn from this great fact is about—THE POWER OF CHRIST.

We know of nothing that is harder to do than to bring the dead back to life. Men can do many things, but this is one thing which they cannot do. All the men in the world and all the angels in heaven could never, by their own strength, restore life to the dead. When the blood stops flowing through the veins, and the heart stands still, there is nothing but the power of God that can make the heart begin to beat, and the blood begin to flow again. But Jesus had the power to do this. He raised Lazarus to life after he had lain in the grave four days. And he did the same to the widow's son, and to the daughter of Jairus. And what he did for others in this matter, he did for himself also. And he did it by his own power. On one occasion, when speaking to his disciples about his death, or, as he called it, laying down his life, he said, "I lay it down of myself; *I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.*" And he did this on the morning of the resurrection. He exercised his own power to give new life to his dead body. Here we

have a grand lesson about the power of Christ. And it is very comforting to know how great the power of Jesus is, because we so often need to have him exercise that power to help us when we are in trouble. And he is exercising his power in this way continually.

Let us look at some of the ways in which he does this.

"The Power of Christ to Save." A young man, the son of a pious mother, was wandering away from the paths in which he had been trained to walk. He had given up going to church, and in the summer time generally spent his Sundays in sailing on the river in a boat with his gay companions. One Sunday the boat upset. He could not swim and he went down in the deep water. As he rose to the surface for the last time, he was seized and his cold and apparently lifeless body was brought to the shore. He was carried home. Everything possible was done for his recovery, but for a long time it seemed uncertain whether he would come back to life. There was a feeble flutter about the wrist, just enough to keep hope alive.

His mother knelt by his bedside, and prayed in her agony that he might be spared at least

till he could seek and find pardon. As she thus prayed, the cold hand held in hers gave a feeble pressure. The eyelids quivered a little, but did not open. After a while he looked at his mother, and said, in a low whisper, "Mother I am saved." Supposing that he meant saved from drowning, she replied, "Yes, dear, thank God you are saved." And then in broken sentences, with long intervals between them, he gave this remarkable experience:

"Mother, I heard you praying: if I had died you would have thought me lost: but I am saved. When I let go my hold upon the boat, the thought flashed across my mind—I am lost. I am going into eternity with all my sins unpardoned. I lifted up my heart to heaven, and said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord save me!' I seemed to hear a voice distinctly saying, 'I will save thee, trust me.' I am sure it was the voice of Jesus. All my fear was gone. But after that I knew nothing until I heard you praying for me. You would have mourned for me as lost; but mother I am saved."

And the result proved that he was right. As soon as he recovered his health and strength, he gave up all his wicked ways, and lived the life

of an earnest and devoted Christian. How wonderful is the power of Jesus to save!

"The Power of Jesus to Provide." A Christian widow was dying. She was very poor, and had four young children to leave helpless and alone in the world. As she took leave of her little ones, Nettie, the oldest girl, about fourteen years of age, said amidst heart-breaking sobs and tears, "O, mother dear, what shall we do when you are gone?"

"Nettie, darling," said the mother, "God's hand will help you. It is an omnipotent hand. Never let go of it."

The mother died and was buried. Towards evening of the next day, little Dick, the youngest of the children, came to Nettie and said, "Nettie, Dick's awful hungry. Isn't there a bit of crust anywhere?" "Poor Dick," said Nettie, "what shall we do?" And then, remembering what her dying mother had said about the Omnipotent hand, she dropped on her knees, and said, "O God, our God, and our mother's God, look on these hungry little ones, left in my care, and send them some food for Christ's sake. Amen."

A rich merchant of the town was going home that evening. He was a widower, but had no

children. Without knowing why, he took a different way home from the one ordinarily taken. As he walked slowly along he happened to be just under the open window when Nettie made that prayer for bread. The tone of deep sadness in it touched his heart. He stopped. He knocked at the door. Nettie opened it, and asked him in. He found out the sad condition of those helpless orphans. He gave them money to get what they needed. He continued to visit them, and finally became so much interested in them that he took them to live with him in his own home. Nettie felt the blessedness of holding on to the Omnipotent hand. Here we see the power of Jesus to provide.

One other illustration shows us—"The Power of Jesus to Protect."

A young Christian woman, whose family were very well off, was confined to her sick bed for many years. She seldom had any one in the room with her at night. On one occasion she lay awake about midnight. The family were all asleep and the house was very still, when the door of her chamber opened and a man walked softly in. He came towards her bed and then stopped a moment. Her little night lamp was shining on them both, from the

stand by her bedside. She did not scream, or cry. The robber looked at this lovely girl, as she gazed on him with perfect calmness. Lifting her finger, and pointing solemnly towards heaven, she said, "Do you know that God sees you?" The man waited a moment, but made no reply. Then he turned and walked quietly away. He had opened no other doors than the street door and the door of her chamber. The omnipotent hand was there, too. What a blessed thing it is to hold on to that hand! Here we see the power of Jesus to protect. The power he had to raise himself from the dead, he has still, to use for the help and comfort of his people.

The second lesson to be learned from the resurrection is a lesson about—THE TENDERNESS OF CHRIST.

We learn this lesson from two little incidents connected with the resurrection.

You remember that on the night of our Saviour's trial, though all the disciples forsook him, yet Peter was the only one of them who denied him. In the very presence of Jesus, he declared with oaths and curses, that he did not know him. How painful this must have been to the blessed Saviour! It might have been expected that when he met Peter again, for the

first time after this, he would have had some sharp rebuke to give him. But it was not so. Instead of this, we find that when the angels at the empty tomb met the women who had come early to anoint the body of Jesus, they told them that he had risen from the dead, and then charged them to go and tell the good news to "his disciples, *and Peter.*" He was the only one of all the disciples who was mentioned by name in this message of the angels. "Tell his disciples, *and Peter!*" How strange this was! The angels did not do it of their own accord. No doubt Jesus had told them to say this. And why did he do so? What led him to do it? It was the tenderness of his loving heart. He knew how badly Peter had been feeling about his shameful denial of him. He knew what bitter tears he had been shedding over his sin. And he wished to let him know that, notwithstanding what he had done, his injured Master had no unkind feeling in his heart towards him. And so he told the angels to say to the women that they should—"go tell his disciples, *and Peter*," that their Lord was risen. Here we see the tenderness of Jesus.

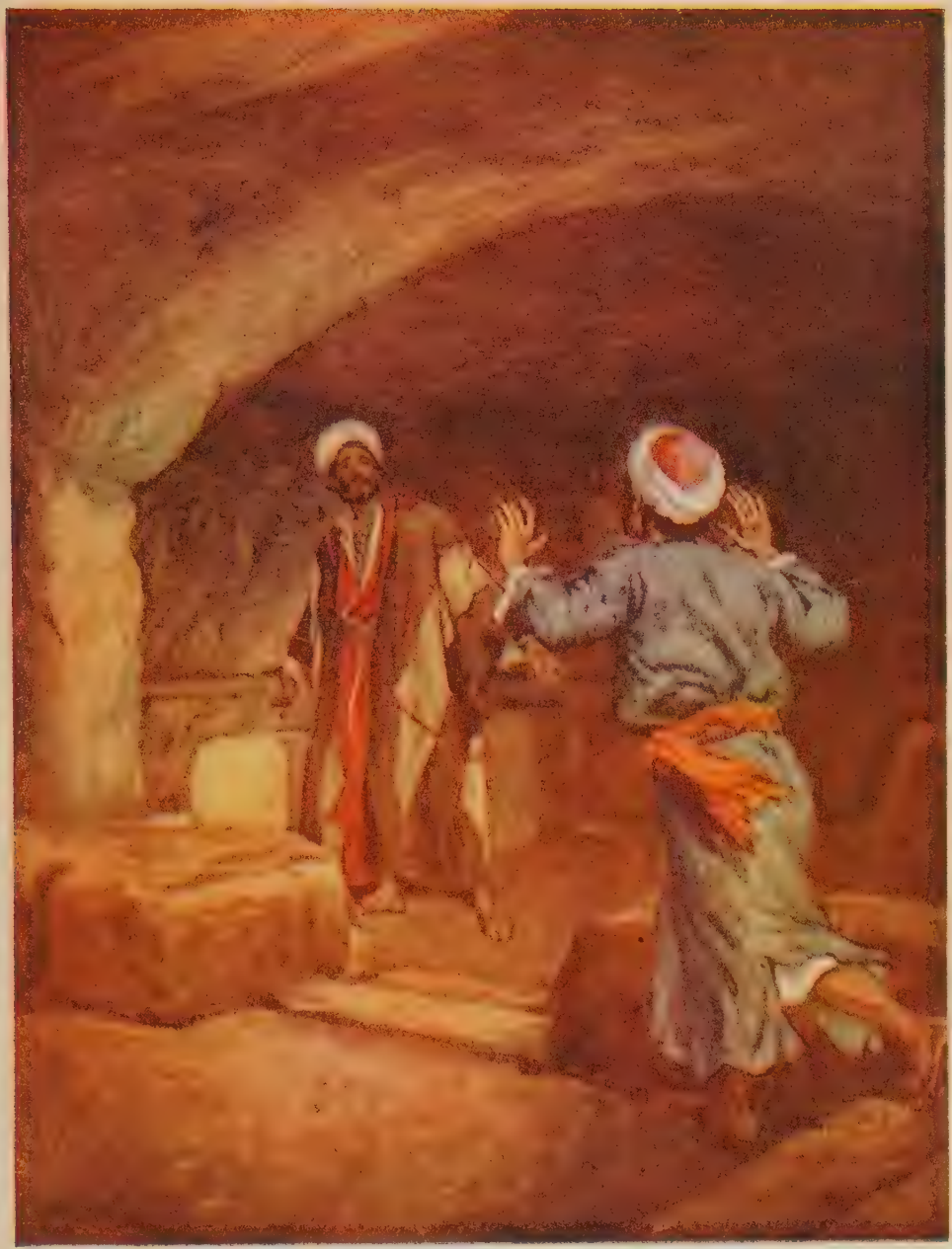
And then there was another incident connected with the resurrection of Jesus which

Peter and John in the Sepulchre

Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre. And he stooping down *and looking in*, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie. And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.—*St. John xx: 3–10.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

The peculiar construction of the tomb furnishes an interesting commentary upon the text, of which this picture is an illustration. John is described as coming first to the sepulchre "and he stooping down and looking in saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in." Why? Because from his position at the entrance, he could perceive in the uncertain light the outline of the grave-clothes, and he hastily concluded from their undisturbed appearance that the body of his Master was still there. Peter, with characteristic impulsiveness, entered in, and announced the startling discovery that the body of Jesus was indeed removed. "Then went in also that other disciple," and further examination revealed the well-nigh incredible fact that the grave-clothes and the head-napkin had simply fallen together in a manner only compatible with the supposition that they had not been unwound, but that in some mysterious way the body of the Lord Jesus had actually risen through the cerements of the tomb, leaving not a fold disturbed. As yet the two disciples had not grasped the meaning of their Master's words that he should rise again, nor of the prophetic utterance of David; but now, they "saw and believed."



shows his tenderness still more touchingly. He arranged matters so that Peter might have a private interview with him, early in the day on which he rose from the dead. St. Luke tells us, Ch. xxiv: 34, that Jesus "appeared unto Simon." And St. Paul says that—"he was seen of Cephas." I. Cor. xv: 5. This was a meeting that Peter had with the Master whom he had denied, *all by himself.* We are not told what took place at this meeting. Peter never said a word about it; and it was too sacred for any one else to intrude upon. But we can very well imagine what was said and done. We can imagine how the poor penitent disciple would sob, as if his heart were breaking, when he saw his injured Master. We can fancy we see him throwing himself at the feet of Jesus and bathing them with bitter, burning tears, as he begged to be forgiven. And then we can think of the kind and gentle words that Jesus would speak to him. How tenderly he would assure him of his free forgiveness! How he would tell him that he loved him still! and how willing he was to put him back in his old place as a disciple, and let him go and preach salvation for lost sinners through his death and resurrection! How kind it was in Jesus thus to give Peter an opportunity

of making up with him, when they were all alone by themselves!

Let us never forget the tenderness of Jesus, as shown by these two incidents. And let us try, like him, to be loving and gentle and kind to all. See how much good may be done by those who imitate the example of Christ in this respect.

"The Power of Kindness." An English merchant had taken passage on board a Turkish vessel, on the Mediterranean Sea. During the voyage his attention was called to an interesting man on the vessel, who was a slave belonging to the captain. He had frequent conversations with him and found him to be a kind-hearted, active, and intelligent person. In the course of their conversations together, he learned that the man had been born free, but had been taken captive in war, and was now a slave for life.

The merchant felt a great sympathy for the poor captive and had a desire to get him released. He inquired what it would cost to purchase his freedom. The sum named was more than the whole profit of his voyage. Still he could not give up the thought. He offered the captain a price for his slave. The offer was accepted. The slave overheard this conversation. He supposed the merchant was going to

purchase him, that he might keep him as his own slave. This made him very angry. He sprang forward and said, with great excitement, "You call yourself a lover of freedom, an enemy to slavery, wherever found, and yet you are purchasing me!"

The merchant turned and looked kindly on him, as he calmly said, "*My friend, I have bought you to set you at liberty. Now you are a free man.*"

In a moment the storm of passion was stilled. The slave burst into tears; and falling at the feet of his deliverer, he exclaimed, "*You have taken my heart captive! I am your servant forever!*"

Few of us may have the opportunity of showing kindness as this merchant did. But every boy and girl in the land may follow the example of the noble lad whose kindness to the aged is told in these simple lines:

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

"The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
None heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

"Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of 'school let out,'
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

"Lest the carriage-wheels, or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low
'I'll help you across if you wish to go.'
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt, or harm,

"He guided the trembling feet along,
Glad that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
'She's somebody's mother, you know,
Altho' she is aged, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.'
And 'somebody's mother' bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, 'God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!'"

Let us never forget the lesson of tenderness which Jesus taught on the morning of his resurrection.

The only other lesson, in connection with the resurrection of Christ, of which we would now speak is about—THE WAY OF SHOWING OUR LOVE TO HIM.

This lesson was taught on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. Some of the disciples of Jesus had gone back to their old trade of fishing. On one occasion they had been out all night, but had caught nothing. The next morning, Jesus stood on the shore of the lake, but they did not know him. He asked them if they had anything to eat. They said no. He told them to cast the net on the right side of the ship, and they would find plenty of fish. They did so, and their nets were filled at once. Then John, the loving disciple, was the first to find out who it was. He said to Peter, "It is the Lord." As soon as Peter heard this, he fastened his fishing coat about him, plunged into the sea, and swam to the shore. The other disciples rowed to land in their boat. As soon as they landed, they found a fire of coals, with fish and bread all ready for eating. Jesus invited them to come and dine with him. They did so, and when the dinner was over, he had a long conversation with them. As they were talking together, he said to Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas,

lovest thou me?" He saith unto him, "Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love thee." He saith unto him, "Feed my lambs." This question was repeated by Jesus the second and the third time. Peter gave the same answer each time. The reply of Jesus was—"Feed my sheep." The lambs of Christ's flock mean the children, or young members of his church. The sheep of Christ mean the older members of his church. By feeding his lambs and his sheep, Jesus meant teaching his people, both young an old, about himself, and what he has done for their salvation. And by what Jesus said on this occasion, he meant to teach Peter, and you and me, and all his people, that if we really love him, the way in which he wishes us to show that love, is by being kind to others—by teaching them about him, and by trying to get them to love and serve him, too.

This is a good lesson for ministers to learn; for parents, for teachers, and for all who love Jesus. When we have found what a faithful friend, what a loving Saviour, what a kind and tender comforter we have in him, then he wishes us to do all we can to help others to know him, and love him, and serve him. This is what we should all be trying to do.

Let us look at some of the ways in which we may do this.

"The Unexpected Friend." The Rev. Mr. Moffatt,—the missionary to Southern Africa, tells an interesting story which illustrates very strikingly this part of our subject. "In one of my early journeys in this land," he says, "I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of a river. We had travelled far, and were hungry and thirsty and very weary. The people of the village would not let us come near them. We asked for water and they would not give us any. We offered to buy milk, but they refused to sell us any. We had no prospect but that of spending the night without anything to eat, or to drink. But at the close of the day a woman came to us from the village. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. Without saying a word, she handed us the milk. She laid down the wood and returned to the village. Presently she came again with a cooking vessel on her head, with a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. Silently she kindled the fire and put on the meat. Again and again we asked her who she was and why she was doing all this for us strangers. At last she said

that years before there had been a missionary in her neighborhood. He had gone away a long while ago; but from him she had learned to know the Saviour. 'I love him,' she said, 'whose servants you are, and I wish to show my love to him by doing what I can to help you.' 'I asked her,' said Mr. Moffatt, 'how she, alone in that dark land, without a minister, without a church, and without any Christian friends, had kept up the light of God in her heart?' She drew from her bosom a soiled and worn copy of the New Testament, which the missionary had given her. 'This,' she said, 'is the fountain from which I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn.'"

"How a Boy Showed his Love for Christ." Some time ago a dreadful accident took place on the river Thames, in England. A steamer, called the *Princess Alice*, when crowded with passengers, on an excursion, was run into by another vessel and sunk. Fearful screams filled the air as the great crowd of people were plunged into the water. Among those who were drawn to the spot was a good Christian boy, about sixteen years of age, who worked in the neighborhood. Being a good swimmer, he at once plunged into the water, took hold of the first struggler he met with, and bore him

away in safety to the shore. He did the same the second time, and then the third. As he was nearing the shore the third time he saw a small bundle floating on the water, which he thought must be a baby. He caught it with his teeth, and thus was the means of saving four lives on that terrible occasion. By the time he had done this, his strength was exhausted, and he was unable to venture again among the drowning ones. But he carried the baby home to his mother's humble dwelling, and placing the little orphan in her arms, he said, "Here, mother, *suppose you nurse this baby for our blessed Saviour; and I will work for its support as long as I live.*"

A noble boy that was! and a beautiful illustration he gave of the way in which we should show our love to Jesus, by feeding and taking care of his lambs, and doing good to his people.

I never saw the lesson now before us better expressed than in the following simple lines:

SHINING FOR JESUS.

"Are you *shining* for Jesus children? You have given your hearts to Him;
But is the light strong within them, or is it but pale and dim?
Can *everybody* see it—that Jesus is all for you?
That your love to Him is burning with radiance warm and true?
Is the seal upon your forehead, so that it must be known
That you are 'all for Jesus,' that your hearts are all His own?

"Are you shining for Jesus children, so that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others, and make them glad and bright?
Have you spoken a word for Jesus, and told to some around—
Who do not care about Him,—what a Saviour you have found?
Have you lifted the lamp for others, that has guided your own glad feet?
Have you echoed the loving message, that seemed to you so sweet?

"Are you shining for Jesus, children, shining just everywhere?
Not only in easy places, not only just here or there?
Shining in happy gatherings, where all are loved and known?
Shining where all are strangers,—shining when quite alone?
Shining at home, and making true sunshine all around?
Shining at school, and faithful—perhaps among faithless—found?

"Oh! rise, and 'watching daily,' ask Him your lamps to trim,
With the fresh oil which He giveth, that they may not burn dim.
Yes, rise and shine for Jesus! Be brave, and bright and true,
To the true and loving Saviour, who gave Himself for you.
Oh! shine for Jesus children! and henceforth be your way
Bright with the light that shineth unto the perfect day!"

THE ASCENSION

WE come now to the last event in the history of our Saviour's life on earth. His work is done. His teachings are finished. His sufferings are ended. Nothing remains for him to do but to return to heaven, from whence he came, and take his seat at the right hand of God. And this is the subject we are now to consider--*The Ascension of Christ.*

And in considering it, the first thing for us to notice is—*the time of the Ascension.*

And in all the New Testament there is only one place in which anything is said about the time of the ascension. Indeed it is surprising that so little is said about it altogether. Two of the gospels, that of St. Matthew and St. John, have not a word to say on the subject. And the other two do not say much. All that St. Mark says about it is in a single verse. We read thus in Chap. xvi: 19:—"So, then, after

that the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." There are two verses in St. Luke in which the ascension is spoken of. In Ch. xxiv: 50, 51, we find the ascension thus described: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany; and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."

The most particular account of the ascension that we have in the New Testament is given in the "Acts of the Apostles." In the first chapter of this book we are told that the ascension took place "forty days after the resurrection." We are told of the "many infallible proofs" that he had risen, and how he spoke to them "of the things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven." And he "commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem," until they should "be baptized with the Holy Ghost," which was to take place "not many days" after his ascension. "Ye shall receive power," said he, "after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Then he told them how "they should be witnesses for him, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." "And when he had

spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight."

And then we read about the two angels who appeared to the disciples and told them that "this same Jesus, which was taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven."

In the third verse of this chapter we have the only information which the whole Bible gives us about the *time* of the ascension. Here we learn that this great event took place on the *fortieth* day after his resurrection. We are not told why the ascension was delayed so long after Jesus had risen from the dead. But, no doubt, there were good reasons for it. And it may be that we shall know all about these reasons hereafter, though we do not know them now.

If we begin and count the forty days from Easter Sunday, the fortieth day will always come on the Thursday in the fifth week after Easter. And this day is always kept in the Church of England, in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, and in some other churches in memory of the important event we are now considering. It is called Ascension

Day, or Holy Thursday; and the portions of Scripture read on that day all have reference to the ascension of our blessed Lord. And this is all that need be said about the *time* of the ascension.

The *place* where the ascension occurred is the next thing to notice.

From what we read in the gospel of St. Luke, we might suppose it was from Bethany that Jesus made his ascension. Here it says, "He led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." St. Luke xxiv: 50, 51. But in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, after describing his ascension, we read that the disciples "returned unto Jerusalem from the Mount called Olivet." Acts i: 12. But there is no contradiction here; for Bethany, the home of Lazarus and his sisters, was on the Mount of Olives. It was situated just below the top of the Mount, on the other side from Jerusalem. And so we know that it was either from the village of Bethany, or from some spot between that and the summit of the Mount, that Jesus made his ascension. When he was here on earth he often went to the Mount

Jesus Revealeth Himself to Mary Magdalene

Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, *and looked* into the sepulchre. And seeth two angels in white sitting, . . . where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and *to* my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and *that* he had spoken these things unto her.—*St. John xx: 11–18.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

It would appear that Mary Magdalene was one of the little company of faithful women who came very early in the morning to the sepulchre, but that she had hastened back to the city before the angelic revelation to her companions. Once more bending her steps in sorrow to the empty grave, to Mary, loving greatly because greatly forgiven, was vouchsafed the privilege of first beholding her risen Lord and Master—the same, yet wondrously changed, so that now, as on subsequent occasions when Jesus appeared to his disciples and "their eyes were holden that they should not know him," it was not by outward form and aspect, but by words of love and tenderness such as he alone could utter, that his identity was revealed. Although the external aspect of the sepulchre bears little resemblance to that which it presented in former times, the rock-cut grooves which still remain, render it abundantly evident that the entrance with its rolling stone, and the method by which the latter was "sealed," were such as have been already described in my Note to the picture "The Resurrection of Lazarus."

of Olives. It was from this mountain that "Jesus beheld the city and wept over it," when he used that beautiful illustration, "how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" It was on this mountain that he sat with his disciples when he gave that wonderful prophecy about the destruction of Jerusalem, and his coming again into our world, of which we read in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew.

The Mount of Olives was the last spot of this earth on which the feet of the blessed Saviour stood before he went up to heaven. And when he comes again into our world he will return to the place from which he ascended. This we are told by the prophet Zechariah. For it is when he is speaking of the return of Jesus from heaven that he says—"And his feet shall stand at that day on the Mount of Olives." Ch. xiv: 4. This thought very naturally makes Olivet an interesting place to visit.

I remember, when at Jerusalem, a very pleasant visit we made to this sacred Mount. It was at the close of a Sunday afternoon. The sun went down as we stood there. And there was something very sweet and solemn in the

thought that Jesus, our glorious Lord, had once stood on that Mount, near where we then were. It was from there that his disciples saw him go into heaven. And when he comes back from heaven, his feet will stand again upon the Mount of Olives. And so, when we think of our Saviour going back to heaven, we may always remember that some spot on or near the top of the Mount of Olives was the place of the ascension.

The Manner of the Ascension—is the third thing of which to speak.

It was a *visible* ascension. There are only two other persons spoken of in the Bible as having gone up from earth to heaven in a bodily form. One of them was "Enoch, the seventh from Adam." His ascension was not visible. No one saw him go. It took place in secret. We are told in one place that "he was not, for God took him." In another place it is said, "he was translated." This is all we know about the translation of Enoch.

The other case mentioned in the Bible is that of the prophet Elijah. His ascension was visible, indeed, but it was only seen by one person, and that was the prophet Elisha. But it was different with the ascension of Christ.

This did not take place in secret, but in public. It was not only visible, but was witnessed by a crowd of people. All the eleven disciples were there to see it. And there can be no doubt that a great many others, besides the apostles, were there too. And they all saw him, as he rose from the midst of them, and went up to heaven. It was a *visible* ascension.

It was a *calm and tranquil* ascension. It was not done in a hurry. Solomon tells us, when speaking of God's doings, that his "judgments are not executed speedily." This means they are not done in haste. God never works in a hurry. After he gave to Adam the first promise, of a future deliverer from the effects of sin, he waited more than four thousand years before he sent him into the world. And, after Christ had risen from the dead, he was not in haste to leave the world, and go back to heaven. We might have expected that he would just have shown himself once or twice to his disciples, so as to make them sure of his resurrection, and would have left immediately for heaven. But it was not so. Instead of this he remained here for forty days. He did not spend all this time in the company of his disciples. He only showed himself to them from time to time, and

talked with them "of things pertaining to the kingdom of God." And when at last these days were over, and the time came for him to go, still there was no haste about it. He did not go up with a rush, as a rocket goes up. That would not have been like him. But, as he stood on the Mount of Olives talking to his disciples, who were standing round him, he began to rise slowly and silently towards heaven. And as he began, so he went on. Slowly and silently he continued to rise. Upwards he went, higher—and higher,—till at last a cloud received him out of their sight. That cloud became, as it were, the chariot in which he was carried up in triumph to heaven. It was a *calm* and *tranquil* ascension.

It was a *blessed* ascension. You know how it is at the close of a service in church. The minister lifts up his hands to bless the people, or as we say, to pronounce the benediction. And this was what Jesus was doing at the very moment of his ascension. He knew that the time had come for him to go. He knew that he was about to be separated from his disciples, and that they would see him no more in this world. So he lifted up his hands to bless them; and, while he was in the act of speaking those

words of blessing, the ascension took place. As his hands were stretched out to bless his disciples, he rose calmly in the midst of them and went back to heaven, from whence he came.

It was said of him before he came into our world, that—"men should be blessed in him:" Ps. lxxii: 17. He was the promised seed of Abraham, in whom it was declared that "all the nations of the earth should be blessed." Gen. xxii: 18. The blessing of the world was wrapped up in Jesus. When he came into the world, he came to bless it. And when he began his public ministry in the Sermon on the Mount, the first thing of which he had to speak was the blessings he came to bring. We read, "And when he was set, his disciples came to him, and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, &c. Blessed are they that mourn, &c. Blessed are the meek, &c. Blessed are the merciful, &c. Blessed are the pure in heart, &c." He began his work in blessing; he continued it in blessing; and he ended it in blessing. But the work of blessing in which he had been engaged here did not cease when he ascended into heaven. He has been carrying on the work of blessing men ever since he ascended. He went to heaven to

procure for his people the best of all possible blessings. He told his disciples that it was necessary for him to leave them and go to heaven; because if he did not go the Holy Ghost would not come to them; but that when he went to heaven he would send the Spirit to be their helper and comforter. It is the Holy Spirit who helps us to understand the Scriptures and who teaches us how to love and serve God. And whatever helps us to do this is the best thing—the greatest blessing for us. And when we know that Jesus went to heaven to obtain for us the help of God's grace and Spirit, we may well say that the ascension of Christ was a blessed ascension.

The only other thing we have to say about the ascension of Christ is that it was a *wonderful* ascension. There were two wonderful things connected with it. It was wonderful to think *where* he went. He did not go simply to join the company of the angels, who have always lived in heaven, and of the good people who went there when they died. No; but he went where no one else had ever gone before, and where no one else could go. When he arrived in heaven, he rose above all the company that was there, and took his seat at the right hand

of the throne of God. This was wonderful, indeed. When Jesus was on earth, he was so poor that he "had not where to lay his head." He was despised and persecuted; "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He was put to death as a criminal, by being crucified between two thieves. But when he ascended into heaven it was to take his place "far above all principalities and powers." And so his ascension was wonderful when we think—*where* he went.

And it was wonderful, too, when we think *how* he went there. If he had left his human body behind him, and had ascended to heaven simply in his divine nature, as God, it would not have been so wonderful. But he did not do this. He took his human body with him. The body that was nailed to the cross and laid in the grave, he took with him to heaven. He ascended, indeed, as the Son of God. But that was not all. No, for he ascended as the Son of man, too. It was Jesus Christ who ascended into heaven. But it was our human nature, as well as the divine nature which helped to make up the person of Jesus Christ. And so when he ascended into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God, he took our

human nature with him. He took a body like yours and mine, up to that high and glorious place. And he is sitting there now, on the throne of God, as our brother. *This* is the most surprising thing connected with the great event we are now considering. This shows us how wonderful the ascension of Christ was.

And so, in studying this subject, these are the things about it that we have noticed, viz.: the *time* of the ascension—forty days after the resurrection; the *place* of the ascension—the Mount of Olives; the *manner* of the ascension—*visible—calm and tranquil—blessed—and wonderful.*

There are several lessons that may be learned from the ascension of our Saviour, but we can only speak of one. This is *the lesson of obedience to the command of Christ.*

Just before he went up to heaven, Jesus said to his disciples—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." St. Mark xvi: 15. This is the last command he gave to his people. He kept it till now because he wished it to be especially remembered. When we lose a father, or mother, or a friend whom we love very much, we listen attentively to the words spoken by that friend as we gather round the dying bed. We may forget some things

spoken by him in the days of his health and strength, but those last words that were spoken just before he died, we always remember. They seem very sacred to us, and we pay particular attention to them. And no doubt this was the reason why Jesus kept this command about the missionary work he wishes his people to engage in, till now. He had finished his work for them. He had died for them. He had done all that was necessary for them to be saved, and to be happy with him forever in heaven. He knew how much they ought to love him for all this. And he knew that those who really did love him would wish to show their love by doing what he had told them to do. And so he kept this—the most important of all his commands—to the last. He wished it to be connected with the thought of his leaving the world and going back to heaven. And as they gathered round him, to see him and hear him for the last time on earth, he spoke these words: —"Go, ye, into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He did not speak them for the apostles or the early Christians only. No; but he spoke them for you, and for me, and for all his people, till the end of time. He intended his church to be a missionary

church. He intended that all the members of that church should feel an interest in the missionary work, and that they should do all they can to help it on. This command is very broad. It takes in "all the world," and "every creature." We have no right to make the field for this work narrower than Jesus made it. And, until the gospel has been preached in "all the world," and until "every creature" has heard it, this command of Christ is binding upon all his loving people. If we do not have the missionary spirit which these words require us to have, that is, if we are not trying all we can to bring "every creature," in "all the world," to be the friend and servant of Jesus and to be saved by him, then, it is clear, either that we are not loving Jesus as we ought to love him; or else, we are not showing our love for him in the way in which he wishes us to show it. He says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And this is his last and most solemn command for us to remember, and keep.

When he says—"Go ye into all the world and preach," he does not mean that all his people must leave their homes and go out as ordained ministers. What he means is that whether we go out as missionaries, or not, we

must have the missionary spirit, and must do all we can to help the missionaries in their work. We must try to get those around us to know, and love, and serve Jesus. And the important question for us all to consider here is —how can we do this? In answering this question, let me point out *four* ways in which this may be done.

We can be missionaries, and help to preach the gospel, *by our example.*

A little boy named Ernest had begun to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to be a Christian. One day he said to his aunt, "Now I want to grow up a big man, and then I will be a minister and preach to lots of people about Jesus."

His aunt told him that he need not wait till he was a man before he began to preach. "Try now, every day, to learn your lessons well," said his aunt; "to be kind, and gentle to all, and try by God's help to overcome your bad temper, and so, by your example you may be preaching Jesus every day."

"The Children's Service." A little girl went to a Children's service one Sunday afternoon. On going home she told her mother about it. "What led you to go, Mary?" asked the mother.

"I went, mamma," she said, "because I was invited to come by a kind boy that I met in the street yesterday. I saw him stop and stroke a donkey that was frightened by a cruel boy. Then he kindly picked up my ball that was rolling away and returned it to me. As he did this he handed me a paper about the children's service, and invited me to come. I knew he was a good boy because he was so kind and had such a happy face. He said he was sure I would like the services; and I did like them. And I mean to go every time."

"A Young Hero." Thirty years ago a boy had given his heart to the Saviour. He had been confirmed and joined the church. The next day he went to school. Some of the wild boys of the school heard that he had joined the church, and they made up their minds to have some fun with him about it. At recess time they formed a ring about him, and cried out:

"Oh! here is the good boy, Charley! He is going to be a Christian!"

And what did Charley do? Did he feel ashamed and try to steal away? Did he get angry, and hit, or kick, or speak cross to them? No. But he calmly looked the rude boys in the face, and said, in a manly way: "Yes, boys,

I am trying to be a Christian. And isn't that right?"

The boys' consciences told them he was right. They felt ashamed. The ring was broken up at once, and Charley had no more trouble.

He was preaching by his example.

"A Beautiful Illustration." Mary Duncan was a little girl, only four years old, who was trying to be a Christian. This incident shows us that even at that early age she was beginning to preach, and do good by her example.

One day she was playing with her little brother. In a fit of anger he struck her in the face. But instead of screaming out, or striking him back, she quietly turned to him the other cheek; and said, "There Corie, now strike that!" The uplifted hand was dropped. The tears came into her brother's eyes. He kissed her, and said—"Forgive me, sister, and I'll never strike you again."

When Mary was asked what led her to do so, her reply was that she had heard her papa read out of the Bible, at prayers that morning, what Jesus had said about it.

And so if we try to be like Jesus, we may be helping to keep his last command, and to preach the gospel—by our example.

Another way in which we may do this is—*by our efforts.* This means by what we say and do to show that we love him, and to try to bring others to do so too. We find many illustrations of the way in which this may be done.

"Preaching in the Hayfield." A good, earnest minister of the gospel was riding one day past a hayfield. A sudden shower was coming up. He saw a farmer, who never went to church, sending off in haste for a horse to draw his hay in before the rain came. The minister stopped and offered his horse to do the work. It was declined; but the minister insisted, and pulling off his coat, unhitched his horse and went to work helping the farmer to load the hay. They got in several loads, and when the last load was in the barn, and the rain came pouring down, the farmer drew out his pocket book, and said:

"How much do I owe you, sir, for your help?"

"Oh, nothing," said he, "nothing at all."

But the farmer insisted on paying him for his work.

"Well, my friend," said the minister, "did you ever hear an Irishman preach?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Well, you come next Sunday, and hear me preach, and we'll call it even."

On the Road to Emmaus

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem *about* threescore furlongs. And it came to pass, that, while they communed *together* and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, What manner of communications *are* these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad? And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth. . . . And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. . . . To day is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre. And when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found *it* even so as the women had said: but him they saw not. Then he said unto them, O fools. . . . And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.—*St. Luke xxiv: 13, 15–25, 27.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Efforts to identify Emmaus with any existing village within the proscribed radius of "threescore furlongs" from Jerusalem have proved unsuccessful, and its actual locality is still a matter of controversy, in spite of the assistance which might have been anticipated from the name itself, the word Emmaus signifying "warm springs." Concensus of opinion, however, is in favor of some situation in the hill-country to the northwest of the city, possibly El-Kubêbeh.

The farmer agreed to do it, and for the first time in many years was present in the house of prayer. He found out that the man who could load the hay could preach the gospel too. He believed it. He obeyed it. That hour's work, helping him to save his hay from the rain, was the means of leading him to Jesus, and of saving his soul.

"The Lost Diamond." An elegantly dressed lady, as she stepped one day from her carriage, in the city of Washington, missed her valuable diamond ring. It had slipped from her finger in some way, as she left the carriage, and had fallen into the gutter, where it was speedily buried in the filth that flowed toward the sewer. She looked with dismay on that muddy stream, and offered a policeman five dollars to put his hand into the gutter and find the ring. He hesitated awhile, but finally agreed, and reached down into the filth and spent some time in groping about the gutter. But he failed to find the lost jewel. At length he gave up the search and told the lady that it had probably been washed along, and gone down the sewer. She paid him the five dollars, and he went away. But the lady stood there still, looking sadly down at the place where her

lost gem had disappeared. She could not bear to give it up. She lingered and hesitated; and finally, taking off her glove, and pushing back her silks and ruffles and laces, she bared her arm for the work, put her fair hand down into the reeking filth, and after searching patiently in every direction, she found the precious jewel, and carried it away in triumph.

Now there are lost souls all about us, souls for whom Christ died, ten thousand times more precious than that lady's gem. They are lost in the mire of filth and sin. But they may be found and brought to Christ, by such earnest, persevering efforts as she made for that lost jewel. And if we put forth such loving, personal efforts for them, they may be saved. And those who make such efforts are obeying the Saviour's command to preach the gospel to every creature.

"It's All I Can Do." Bessie King was a bright child about fourteen years old. She was a serious, thoughtful girl, who wanted to make herself useful. One summer afternoon she went into her father's garden and gathered a bunch of flowers. While doing so, she wondered if she could not make some one happy by the gift of these flowers. All at once she

thought of her young friend, Nellie Vance. Nellie was sick with consumption. She had been confined to her room for months, and was not expected to live very long. Her mother was a poor widow, and unable to do much for her sick child. But Nellie was trying to be a Christian, and the thought of the loving Saviour made her cheerful and happy.

Bessie was very fond of Nellie and loved to visit her whenever she could. So she gathered some of the loveliest flowers in the garden and hastened with them to her friend Nellie's humble home. As she entered her chamber, she said—"Nellie, dear, I've come to bring you a bit of my summer," and she laid the flowers down by Nellie, who was lying on a couch near the window. Nellie's delight at seeing the flowers was an abundant reward to Bessie for bringing them. It was touching to see the sick child as she lay there, with the bright flowers around her. She handled them so tenderly, one by one, almost forgetting, in the pleasure they gave her, the weary, aching pain, she was always feeling.

"I am so glad you came this afternoon, Bessie dear," said Nellie, when the flowers were arranged. "I have something so happy to

tell you." Bessie looked at her with surprise, wondering what happiness poor suffering Nellie could have left to her.

"I have been thinking for a long time," said Nellie, "how little I have done for the Lord Jesus. I have been shut out from people so long, that I'm afraid no one knows I love him; and I can't bear to go away from earth without a word *out loud* for him. So Bessie, I am going to be confirmed. That will be standing up for Jesus, and it's all I can do."

"But, Nellie dear, how can *you* be confirmed? You hav'n't been out of your room for months, and church is more than two miles away."

"I can do it for Jesus," she said firmly. "Mr. Gray has promised to take me in his carriage, and to carry me up in the church."

Bessie could say no more. Her heart was full, and she threw her arms round Nellie's neck and wept.

"I want you to come with me, Bessie dear," said Nellie. But Bessie could not speak. So Nellie went on, and said: "You have your whole life to live for him, so you ought to begin right off. But mine is so nearly ended, that I must come now, or I never can come. It's all I can do. But Bessie I want you to come with me."

And they did both come. Bessie held back at first, afraid of herself, but Nellie talked so sweetly to her that she had to yield. "When Jesus called the little child to him, Bessie," said her friend, "don't you think he would have felt hurt if he had held back, and refused to come to him? Suppose he had said he wasn't good enough, or old enough! Jesus wanted him, just as he was. He had plenty of grown up people. He wanted a little child then, and he wants us now."

It was a touching sight when the sick child was carried up the aisle, to join her young companions at the chancel; and when the bishop laid his hands on her head, and his voice trembled there was not a dry eye in the church.

Not long after, Nellie was carried again into the church. Yet this time it was not Nellie herself, but only the poor worn body that had suffered so long, and was now at rest Her sufferings were now over, and her work was done. Her spirit was with her Saviour she had loved, to be forever happy in his presence.

Nellie was faithfully carrying out the last command of Jesus, when she tried so lovingly to get her friend Bessie to stand with her and

confess him before men. By our efforts to bring those around us to Jesus, we may help to carry out that last command of his.

We can do this also—*by our gifts.* There is no better use to make of our money than to give it to help in sending the gospel of Jesus to those who do not know him. And the smallest sums are often very useful when given for this purpose. Here is a story of a poor little orphan girl who had earned six cents by running errands, and of the great good that was done by her gift. Her name was Dixey, and we may call the story:

"Dixey's Six Cents." One day, a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a book store in Boston, and said to the man at the counter: "Please sir, I want a book that's got, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' in it; and how much is it sir? and I'm in a great hurry."

The bookseller wiped his spectacles, and looking down at the poor child, he took her thin little hand in his, and said: "What do you want the book for my child? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see, I went to Sunday-school, last Sunday, when Mrs. West, the woman who takes care of me, was away; and the teacher

read about a Good Shepherd, who loves little children, and who said these words. And the teacher told us about a beautiful place where he takes care of his children and makes them all happy, and I want to go there.

"I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a girl like me, only Mrs. West who says I'd better be dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry, my child?"

"My cough's getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know about him before I die; it would be so strange to see him and not know him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved from running errands, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The bookseller wiped his spectacles again, and taking a book from the shelf, he said, "I'll find the words you want, my child; listen while I read them." Then he turned to St. Luke xviii: 16, and read to her the sweet words of the loving Saviour. After reading them he told her about the Good Shepherd; how he came down from heaven to seek and save the lost sheep; how he suffered and died for us that we might live; and about the bright and beautiful home

in heaven, which he has prepared for all who love and serve him.

"Oh, how sweet that is!" said the earnest and almost breathless little listener. "He says —'Come.' I'll go to him. How long do you think it'll be sir, before I see him?"

"Not long, I think, said the bookseller, turning away his head to hide the tears that were running down his cheeks. "Now you can keep the six cents and come here every day, and I will read to you some more out of this Book."

The little girl thanked him and hurried away. The next day, and the next, and many days passed away, but the poor child never came to hear about Jesus again. Some time after this a rough-looking woman came into the bookstore, and said in a loud voice, "Dixey's dead! She died rambling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you were to have these six cents for the mission-box at school. I don't like to keep dead people's money, so here it is," and throwing the six cents down on the counter, she hurried out of the store.

The six cents were put into the missionary box on the next Sunday, and when the story of Dixey was told it touched so many hearts and led so many to follow her example with their

pennies that by the end of the year "Dixey's cents," as they were called, had brought in money enough to send out a missionary to China, to help in finding out the lost sheep and bringing them to Jesus. And if little Dixey, in her feebleness and poverty, could help to carry out our Saviour's last command, then we may all do so.

But there are other things than money that may be given to the work of saving lost souls. We see this illustrated in the following story. It may be called:

"The Rescue." "O my child, my child!" cried an almost heart-broken mother, as she met a party of gentlemen, among the hills of Scotland.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"A few hours ago I left the house and my baby-boy in charge of his sister. Being a fine day, he was lying in the cradle, outside the cottage-door, prattling away in the sunshine. After awhile, baby fell asleep, and my little girl being hungry, went in-doors to get some food. While she was lingering there, I returned, but only in time to see an eagle bearing away my child in his talons. O sirs! pity me, help me, recover my darling child."

The mother's loving eye had watched the flight of the eagle; and with these gentlemen she went to the edge of the cliff, and looking over the precipice they could see, far down its steep sides, the nest of the eagles, to which the child had been carried. The distress of the mother touched the heart of one of the gentleman who was a Scotch nobleman. He resolved, by God's help, to try and snatch the child from the terrible death that awaited it.

Ropes were procured, and at his own request, the nobleman was lowered down over the rugged cliff. The two eagles fluttered round, as if daring the intruder to approach their nest; but a brave heart was beating beneath that Scotch plaid. Fearlessly the heroic Scotchman approached the nest. He took the child from among the young eagles. He bound it to his bosom, and gave the signal to be pulled up. Gently, but steadily, he was raised in safety to the top of the cliff; and with a glad heart he gave back the recovered child to the arms of its grateful and rejoicing mother.

This story illustrates what Jesus has done for us; but, at the same time it shows what we should do for those whose souls have been carried away by Satan the great enemy, and who

are in danger of perishing forever. If we feel for them, as this good nobleman felt for that lost child, it will lead us to give, not our money only, but our sympathy, and everything in our power, to bring them to Jesus, that they may be saved through him forever. And so we see how by our gifts, we may help to carry out the great command which Jesus left for his people, just before his ascension into heaven.

And then, there is one other way in which we may help to do this, and that is by—*our prayers*.

There is a wonderful power in prayer. It is a power which all may use, and which will reach all around the world. We see this strikingly illustrated in the case of the Syro-Phœnician woman mentioned in St. Matt. xv: 20-28. Her prayers caused the casting out of the devil from her daughter. When Jesus was on earth he said to his disciples—"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." St. Matt. xxi: 22. This is God's promise to you and to me and to all his people. And so when we pray for ministers and missionaries; when we pray for the conversion of the heathen, and for others who do not not love and serve God, we are helping on the good work which Jesus left for his people to do when he said—"Go ye

into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." It would be easy enough to fill a volume with incidents which illustrate the power of prayer. But we have only room for a single illustration.

"Saved by Prayer." Some years ago, a boy left his home in Indiana for Chicago. He was not there long before he fell into bad company, and was led astray. A friend of his father's, who lived in the same town, happening to visit Chicago, saw that boy on the street one night drunk.

On returning home, he thought at first that he would not say anything to the father about what he had seen; but afterwards he felt that it was his duty to tell him. So meeting him one day in the crowded street of their little town, he took him aside and told him what he had seen in Chicago. It was a terrible blow to him.

On returning home that night, before going to bed, he told his wife what he had heard. They were both so much distressed that they could not sleep. They spent the greater part of the night in earnest prayer for their poor boy. Before morning the mother said, "I don't know how it is, but God has given me faith to believe that our son will be saved and not be allowed to fill a drunkard's grave."

Not long after this, that boy left Chicago. He could not tell why, but an unseen power seemed to lead him to his mother's home. On entering the house the first thing he said was: "Mother I have come home to ask you to pray for me." She prayed with him, and for him, and he soon became a sincere and earnest Christian. Here we see the power of prayer. Let us all use this power, and we shall be helping on the preaching of the gospel in all the world, and to every creature.

And so, when we think of the ascension of Christ, let us always remember the great work that Jesus commanded his people to do; and let us try to help on that work in the four ways of which we have spoken,—by our *examples*—by our *efforts*—by our *gifts*—and by our *prayers*.

The Collect for Ascension Day is a very suitable one with which to close this subject:

"Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe thy only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to have ascended into the heavens; so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth, with thee and the Holy Ghost, One God, world without end. Amen."

Jesus Appeareth to and Pardons Simon Peter

And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed *it*, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures? And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.—*St. Luke xxiv: 28–34.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Beyond the simple statement that "he was seen of Cephas," nothing is recorded regarding the appearance of Jesus to his sinning and repentant disciple, although, if we accept the sequence of events in the order in which they are narrated, it may safely be supposed that this took place after night-fall. But where nothing is known, conjecture is justifiable, and we may think of Peter as shrinking from the society of his comrades, unable to rest, and wandering, he knows not whither, in the silent, moon-lit streets. Chance leads him to the door of the house of Caiaphas, and there, on the scene of his lost opportunity, he realizes the presence of his risen Lord, and receives the gracious assurance of forgiveness.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST

JESUS has finished his work on earth and gone back to heaven. We have now, in bringing this history to a close, to consider how the work was carried on, after he was gone.

After the ascension of Christ there was a pause. For some days everything stood still in connection with the great cause for which Jesus had lived and died. This pause continued until the day of Pentecost. Then the Holy Ghost was sent down from heaven. He took up the work where Jesus had left it, and has been engaged in carrying it on from that day to this. Nothing could be done till he came. No sermons were preached. No lessons were taught. No souls were converted till the Holy Ghost came. This shows us how important his presence and help are in all the work which the church of Christ has to do for the glory of God and for the salvation of men. Take an illustration.

Here is a locomotive, standing on a railway, with a train of cars attached to it. The engine is new and beautiful. Every wheel and crank and pin is in its proper place. It is complete; it is perfect. The boiler is full of water. The tender, attached to the locomotive, is full of fuel. The passengers are all waiting; but yet the engine stands still. Nothing moves. What is the matter? Simply this: there is no steam in the boiler. And what is wanting to make the steam? Why a fire in the furnace. Can nothing take the place of this? Nothing in the world. This is absolutely necessary. Everything depends on this. But now see, the fire is kindled. There is steam in the boiler. The wheels begin to move, and away goes the train.

When Jesus went to heaven, the church he left on earth might well be compared to such an engine. He had built it well. Its machinery was all complete; but it stood still. The power was wanting to put it in motion. The Holy Spirit alone could give this power. When he came the fire was kindled: the steam was generated; and the train was started, which was to run around the world, and carry countless numbers of ransomed souls to heaven.

And in speaking about the coming of the Spirit, there are three things for us to notice. These are—*the time of the Spirit's coming: the manner of the Spirit's coming; and the purpose of the Spirit's coming.*

The time of the Spirit's coming is pointed out in the name of the day when he came. It was on the day of Pentecost. This word means the *fiftieth:* whether it be a day, or a number, or anything else to which it may be applied. The Jews used this word as the name of one of the three great feasts which they were commanded to keep every year. This one was called "the feast of Pentecost," because it was kept on the fiftieth day after the feast of the Passover. It was sometimes called also—"the feast of Weeks." This name was given to it, because the forty-nine days, which came in between these two feasts, just made up seven weeks.

It pleased God to connect with this day of Pentecost the most important event that has ever taken place in the history of the church or of the world since the ascension of Jesus into heaven—and that was—the coming of the Holy Ghost.

And this great event has always been remembered with interest by the Christian church. In

the early days of the church, the day kept in memory of the coming of the Holy Ghost was set apart as one of the solemn seasons for baptizing persons who wished to be received into the church. The candidates for baptism on these occasions were clothed in white garments, to denote the purity which should mark those who received baptism properly, by truly repenting of their sins, and having their souls washed in the blood of Christ. And for this reason, the Sunday on which the day of Pentecost was thus celebrated, was called Whit-Sunday, or Whit-Suntide.

In the Episcopal Church in this country, in the Church of England, and in some other branches of the Church of Christ, this Whit-Suntide festival is still kept with great interest. The scriptures read on this day refer to the coming of the Spirit and to the importance of his work; and the sermons preached at this season generally have reference to the same subject. And when we remember how the success of the great work in which the Church of Christ is engaged depends upon the help which the Holy Spirit gives, we see how important it is that we should be constantly reminded of the necessity of having his presence

and power with us in all our efforts to do good to the souls of men. And so, when we think of the time of the Spirit's coming, we may bear in mind that it was on the day of Pentecost, or on the fiftieth day after the death of Christ.

And now, we may go on to speak of—*the* MANNER *of the Spirit's coming.*

It was an *expected* coming. Jesus had told his disciples about the coming of the Spirit and had given them a promise that he should come. He said to them on one occasion: "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." St. John xvi: 7.

And then, just before his ascension into heaven, he repeated this promise, commanding them "not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father:" again he said, "ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence;" and again, "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Acts i: 4, 5, 8.

And, according to these promises, we find that the apostles were waiting for the coming of the Holy Spirit and expecting it when the day of

Pentecost arrived. They had not been told how long they were to wait. All that had been said about the time of his coming was that it would be "not many days hence." After Jesus left them and went to heaven, they seem to have met together every day, engaging in prayer and praise. No doubt they read the scriptures on these occasions, and talked together about their ascended Lord and the fulfilment of the promise he had left them. Day after day, they had met for this purpose, waiting for the Holy Spirit. But one day passed by after another and the Spirit did not come. Still they felt sure that he would come. They were waiting for his coming: and when at last he came, we may well say of it, that it was an *expected* coming.

It was a *sudden* coming. We know how often it happens that something we have been expecting for a long time comes suddenly at last. And it was so with the disciples on this occasion. They had met once more for their daily worship. As they came together, on the day of Pentecost, there was no more sign of the coming of the Spirit on that day than there had been on any of the previous days; but he came at last. We are not told whether it was at the beginning, or

the middle, or the close of their meeting, that he came. The Holy Spirit did not send a messenger before him, to tell of his coming, as kings and great men in the East were in the habit of doing. No trumpet was sounded. No signal was given. But, all at once, the promise of the Father was fulfilled; the expectation of the disciples was met—the Holy Ghost came down from heaven. But it was a *sudden* coming. Acts i: 2.

In the next place it was—a startling coming. The *sound* connected with it made it such for one thing. We read that "there came a *sound* as of a rushing, mighty wind." We are not told that there *was* a wind on this occasion; but only that the sound which attended the coming of the Spirit was *like* that of a mighty wind. The Spirit might have come to the disciples on this occasion as "the still, small voice" of God came to the prophet Elijah, on Mount Horeb. But it was not so. On the contrary, he chose that his coming should be attended with a loud noise. We read that "it," that is the sound, "filled all the house where they were sitting." We are not told what this sounding noise was for. It may have been to arouse the attention of the disciples and make them fully awake to

the important event that was then taking place. And, no doubt, another reason why this rushing sound attended the Spirit's coming was to indicate to them what great power would attend the Spirit in the work he was to carry on in the church and in the world. The wind, when it goes rushing on, in the form of a tempest, is one of the most powerful agents that we know of. It can lash the ocean into foam and fury. It can dash to pieces the noblest works of men, whether on the land, or on the sea. It can tear up the giant oak by its roots and lay it prostrate on the ground. And the sound of that "rushing, mighty wind" with which the Spirit came was intended, it may be, to make the disciples feel how great was the power he was able to give them in the important work they had to do. "The sound, as of a rushing, mighty wind," seemed to tell of this.

But again, we are always startled by that which is *unusual.* And there were several things about this coming of the Holy Spirit which were unusual, and so calculated to startle the waiting disciples. There was, for instance, the *direction* of this sound. It came "*down from heaven.*" The winds, with whose sound we are familiar, never act in this direction.

From whatever point of the compass they come, they always blow around, or over the earth. A wind blowing "*down from heaven*," directly towards the earth, as was the case with that sound which the disciples heard, was something unusual, and so calculated to startle them.

Another unusual thing about this sound was, that it was a sound *like* that of a wind, but yet without any wind at all. They heard that sound. It reminded them of the wind. But there was no motion there, such as the wind produces when it blows. Nothing stirred in that upper chamber. A feather would not have been moved. So far as motion was concerned—all was calm, and still there. And yet there was that mighty sound. How startling this must have been!

And then, what accompanied this sound was startling, as well as the sound itself. There were those "cloven tongues, like as of fire." Little long pieces of flame were seen in the air of that chamber. There were about a hundred and twenty persons present there. And a hundred and twenty of these fiery tongues were seen. How strange it must have been to look on such a number of these marvellous appearances, and to see one of them come down and

rest on the head of each person present! But, the Holy Spirit was come; and these things must have made it a startling coming.

And then it was—an *abiding* coming. When the Holy Spirit came down upon the Church of Christ, on the day of Pentecost, he did not come to remain for a little while, and then go back to heaven. No! but he came to *stay*. When Jesus spoke to the disciples about the coming of the Holy Ghost, he used these words: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may *abide with you forever*." St. John xiv: 16.

It was not for the help and comfort of the apostles and early Christians only that the Holy Spirit came. No; but it was for the help and comfort of all the people of Christ, down to the end of the world. The coming of the Spirit, which took place on the day of Pentecost was intended to be an abiding coming. He has never left the church from that day. But he may be present, without putting forth his power and making his presence felt. What we need to pray for is not that the Holy Spirit may *come* into our churches; for he is there; but that he may make his power and presence felt. What we want above all things, in our

hearts, in our homes, in our Sunday Schools, and in our churches, is to feel the power and presence of that Spirit, who came on the day of Pentecost, and whose coming was to be an abiding coming.

And so, when we would show the manner of the Spirit's coming to the early church, we may say that it was an *expected* coming—a *sudden* coming—a *startling* coming—and an *abiding* coming.

And now, the only other thing to notice, is —*The*—PURPOSE—*of the Spirit's coming.*

And if we wish to understand clearly the meaning of this part of the subject, there are these two things for us to consider; viz., *what the Holy Spirit is; and what the Holy Spirit does.*

And in order to understand satisfactorily what the Holy Spirit is—we must find out what the scriptures call him; and how the scriptures speak of him. Here are some of the titles given to the Holy Spirit in the scriptures, or the names by which he is called.

The great names, Jehovah, Lord, and God are all given to the Spirit. He is called—the Most High—the Holy Spirit—the Holy Ghost—the Free Spirit—the Good Spirit—the Spirit of Life —the Spirit of Truth—the Spirit of Grace—the

Spirit of Adoption—the Spirit of Wisdom—the Spirit of Counsel—the Spirit of Might—the Spirit of Knowledge—the Spirit of the fear of the Lord—the Spirit of Promise—the Eternal Spirit—the Power of the Highest—the Comforter—the Guide—the Teacher.

And the giving of such names as these to the Holy Spirit proves two things about him, one is that he is a real person; and the other is that he is God. He is a divine person, equal to God the Father and to God the Son.

And this is proved, not only by the names given to him, but also by *the way in which the scriptures speak of him.* Let us look at one or two illustrations of the way in which they do this. When the prophet Isaiah is speaking of Christ, the Messiah, he represents him, as saying of himself—"And now, the Lord God and his Spirit hath sent me." Is. xlviii: 16. Here we see the three persons of the Holy Trinity—God the Father—God the Son—and God the Holy Spirit are spoken of as all working together. God the Son is sent, and God the Father and God the Spirit are the ones who send him.

We see them uniting together again, in the same way, on the occasion of our Saviour's

baptism. Thus we read, "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water, and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him; And lo, a voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." St. Matt. iii: 16, 17. Here we see the three Persons of the blessed Trinity acting together. God the Son has taken our nature upon him, and is baptized, as a man, in the river Jordan. God the Spirit comes down from heaven in the form of a dove, and rests upon him; while God the Father speaks from heaven, in a voice that was heard by those who were attending that baptism. This proves to us that there are three Persons, in the One God whom we worship; and that the Holy Spirit, who came down upon the church on the day of Pentecost, is the third Person in this Trinity. He is a divine Person, equal to the Father and the Son. It is impossible to explain, satisfactorily, what took place at the baptism of our Saviour in any other way. And in this way, we get a clear view of the first thing, important for us to know, in order to understand the meaning of the Spirit's coming. We see now *what the Holy Spirit is.* He is a

divine Person—united with the Father and the Son in the great work of our salvation, and equal to them both.

And then there is another thing that we must understand clearly, if we would know the purpose of the Spirit's coming on the day of Pentecost—and that is—*what the Spirit does.* This refers to the work which the Holy Spirit has to do in the Church of Christ. It takes in both what he had to do in the church when he first came and also what he has to do now. The work which the Spirit has to do for the souls of men is the same now that it was then. There were, indeed, works of wonder, great miracles, to be performed in the early church which are not done now.

But, apart from this, there is no difference. The work of the Holy Spirit has always been the same. How important his work was to the church at first, we see in the fact that nothing was done till the Spirit came. After Jesus had ascended to heaven there was, as we have already said, a long pause before anything else was done. This pause lasted for ten days. Jesus had left a great work for his disciples to carry on in the world; but during those days nobody moved a step or lifted a finger towards doing

The Incredulity and Confession of Thomas

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: *then* came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace *be* unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust *it* into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed *are* they that have not seen, and *yet* have believed.—*St. John xx: 26–29.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Five times during that memorable Easter Day did Jesus manifest himself to his followers, and it was not until the eighth day at even, that the sixth appearance is recorded as having taken place; this time for the special purpose of confirming the belief of one of the eleven who still doubted. Ten manifestations in all are specifically mentioned, but it would appear (Acts i: 3) that Jesus also revealed himself to his chosen apostles on many other occasions, speaking of the things pertaining to the building up of that church, of which he was himself at once the Foundation and the Corner-stone.

that work. Everything stood still. And the reason for this long pause was that nothing could be properly done in carrying on this work till the Spirit came. The disciples had been distinctly told to wait for his coming. They waited till the day of Pentecost. Then, this Spirit came. Then the work began—the work of saving souls from death. The work has never ceased. It has been going on to the present day; and it will continue to go on till Jesus comes again.

Now there are four things that must be done for every soul that is to be saved through Jesus Christ. And none but the Holy Spirit can do these things.

The first thing that the Holy Spirit has to do for every soul is to—CONVERT—*it.*

He began this work at once when he came. He set the apostles to preaching Jesus Christ, and the result of the first day's preaching was—that *three thousand souls* were converted.

The conversion of the soul refers to the great change which takes place when a person becomes a Christian. The word conversion is only one of several words applied to this subject in the Scriptures. Sometimes it is called being quickened, or made alive; and at other

times it is called being "born again." This was the way in which our Saviour spoke of the great change we are now considering, in his interesting conversation with Nicodemus. And he spoke of the Holy Spirit as the One who is to work out this change in every case when he said—"*Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.*" St. John iii: 5. To be "born of the Spirit," is the same as to be converted, or to have the heart changed, and to be made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Good people differ much in their opinions about what our Saviour means by "water" here. Some think it means the truth of God's word, which is spoken of as the means employed in the conversion of souls; while others think that the word "water" here refers to baptism; but we cannot stop to argue the point now.

Some souls are converted, or born again, before they are old enough to understand the truth that God has taught us in his holy word. We have two cases of this kind mentioned in the Bible. One is the prophet Jeremiah, chap. i: 5, and the other John the Baptist, St. Luke i: 15. When it says of one of these that he was "sanctified;" and of the other that he was

"filled with the Holy Ghost" from the time he was born, it means that the great change, of which we are now speaking, was made in them both, by the Holy Spirit, at that early time. And so it may be now with children, even while they are very young, especially if they have Christian parents to pray for them. But, if they are not converted, or born again, till they grow up to be boys and girls, or men and women, then the word or truth of God is that which the Holy Spirit makes use of in causing them to be converted, or born again. Here is an illustration of one, out of many ways, in which the Spirit does this:

"How a Christmas Card Saved a Soul." There was a merchant in one of our large cities who had failed in business. He had lost everything that he had. He was not a Christian, and did not know where to go for comfort. His troubles and disappointments made him gloomy and sad. He saw no way in which he could get out of his troubles; and after thinking over them a long time, he finally made up his mind to go to the river and drown himself. He was not married, and had no family of his own; but there were a number of children in the house where he lived.

This happened on a Christmas day. The children had just come home from their Sunday-school festival. In passing through the entry, one of them dropped a beautifully illuminated card, with a text of scripture on it. As the poor man was going out on his sad errand, his eye rested on this card, lying on the entry floor. He stooped down and picked it up, and read on it these sweet words—"Casting all your care on him, for he careth for you." I. Peter v: 7. Reading these words had a strange effect upon him. Instead of going out to drown himself, he went back to his room, got his Bible, found the passage there, and meditated on it. He thought of the great sin he had just been going to commit in taking away his own life. Then he thought of all his other sins. This filled him with great distress. The burden of his sins soon grew to be heavier than the burden of his losses and cares. He kneeled to pray. With many tears and cries he asked for the pardon of his sins and for grace to make him a Christian. His prayer was heard. His sins were pardoned. His burdens were lifted off. He became a Christian. He was converted by God's blessing on that text of scripture. And it might truly be said of him that he was "born of water and of the Spirit."

One part of the work which the Holy Spirit has to do for men is to convert them. And this is a fair illustration of one of the ways in which he does it.

But another part of the Spirit's work is to—TEACH—*men, as well as to convert them.*

When Jesus was speaking to the disciples of the Spirit whom he promised to send, he said, "He shall *teach you all things.*" St. John xiv: 26. But, when our Lord spoke of the Spirit teaching us "*all* things," he did not mean those things which we can find out ourselves by diligence in study. We do not need the help of the Holy Spirit to teach us spelling, or reading, or history, or geography. He meant "all things" about himself and the work he has done for our salvation. Sin has closed the eyes of our souls. It has made us blind to spiritual things. One part of the Spirit's work is to open our eyes so that we may see. David was seeking the Spirit's help in this matter when he offered the prayer, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." We may be very learned in the things that are taught in our schools and colleges. We may know a great deal about different languages; about botany, and chemistry, and mathematics, and

astronomy, and other studies of that kind. But all this will not help us to understand the things taught in the Bible about Christ, and the way to heaven. The knowledge of other things is sometimes a *hindrance*, rather than a help, in trying to understand the Bible. In learning what is here taught, none but the Spirit of God can help us.

Suppose we take a blind man into a large gallery, filled with fine paintings and beautiful statuary. It is a clear day. The sun is shining through the windows, and there is plenty of light there. But that is no help to our blind friend. We point to one after another of the beautiful paintings before us, and describe them to him. But still he cannot see one of them. And then, suppose that we had the power to open the blind man's eyes, so that he could see them all for himself; what a wonderful change that would make to him! And this is what the Holy Spirit does for us. The Bible is like a great gallery. It is full of beautiful pictures, such as none but God can make. But our eyes are blinded, and we cannot see them. The Spirit's work is to open these blind eyes so that we may see.

And the great end of all the Spirit's teaching is to help us to see Jesus, as our Saviour, and

the one in whom we must trust for everything necessary to our salvation. Here is an illustration of what I mean. We may call it:

"Jesus Only." A lady had been trying for some time to be a Christian, but she could find no comfort. The minister of the church which she attended called to see her. Finding that though she went regularly to church, and read her Bible at home, and prayed every day, she yet found no peace; he said to her, "My friend, do you expect to be saved because you are doing these things?"

"Certainly I do," was the answer.

"Well this is your mistake. You are putting these in the place of Jesus. There is no peace, or comfort, or salvation anywhere but in Jesus only. Now let me give you one verse to think about, and act upon. Jesus said—'Come unto me—*and I will give you rest.*' Have you gone to Jesus only for rest and peace and salvation?"

She looked amazed. She thought awhile of what had been said to her, and then burst into tears. New light shone in upon her. It was like opening the eyes that had been blind. She saw that it was Jesus, and *Jesus only*, that she needed. She came to him; that is she trusted

or believed in him, and here she found rest and peace and salvation.

When Jesus was speaking to his disciples about the coming of the Holy Spirit, he said—"he shall *testify to me.*" This was what the Spirit did in the case just mentioned. And this is what he is doing all the time. The end of all his teaching is to show us that "Jesus only" can give rest and peace and salvation to poor lost sinners.

Another part of the Spirit's work is to—SANCTIFY—*or make holy—all the people of Christ.*

He is called—the *Holy* Spirit—not only because he is holy himself, but because his work is to make his people holy. And this is what we all need to make us fit for heaven. The great law of that blessed world, the law that is written, as it were, over the gate of heaven, is this—"*without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*" And Jesus pointed out the way in which this holiness or sanctification is to be secured when he was praying for his disciples, and said, "Sanctify them through thy truth." The truth here spoken of, means "the truth as it is in Jesus"; or the things that the Bible tells us about him. This truth is the instrument, or means, which the Spirit employs in making us

holy. The best definition of holiness is to say that it means being made *like Jesus*. He is the example, or model, we have set before us, which we must try to imitate. We must ask ourselves what would Jesus think, or feel, or say, or do, if he were in our position? and then we must try to think, and feel, and speak, and act as much like him as possible. And so you see how important it is for us to know "the truth," or what the Bible teaches us about him, because it is only in this way that we can ever hope to become like him, or to be made holy.

There was a famous artist in Italy many years ago, whose name was Michael Angelo. He was a great painter and a great sculptor. And when he was occupied on any work he always took the greatest pains to finish it as finely as possible. He was once engaged in making the statue of an angel out of a block of white marble. At last it was nearly done; but still, he lingered over it, trying to improve it in every possible way. He was a firm believer in the old proverb, that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." A person who had been in his studio and had seen him at work upon this statue came back, several days after, and found him busy with it still. "Why," said he, "I don't

see that you have done anything since I was here before."

"O, yes, I have," said the great artist." It was too full here, and I have reduced it somewhat. I have brought that muscle out better. I have rounded off this arm. I have improved the lip here; and the chin there, and I have put more expression into the face."

"Well, but these are mere trifles," said the visitor.

"They help to make my work perfect; and *perfection is no trifle*," was the great man's wise reply.

And this shows us exactly what the Spirit's work is in making us holy. It is trying to make us more and more like the model of perfection we have set before us in Jesus. But there is one point of difference between Michael Angelo's work on his marble statue and the Spirit's work upon us. That block of marble was a dead stone. It could do nothing at all to help the sculptor in his work upon it. But we are living stones, in the hands of the heavenly Artist. We can and must take hold, and help in the great work which the Holy Spirit is carrying on, in trying to make us more holy, or more like Jesus. And as we yield ourselves to the blessed

influences of the Spirit, we should be lifting up our hearts to Jesus in the prayer:

> "Make us, by transforming grace,
> Dear Saviour, *daily more like thee!*"

And then there is one other thing the Holy Spirit has to do in carrying on his great work, and that is to—HELP AND COMFORT—*us.*

The work we have to do, as the followers of Christ, is what we never can do of ourselves. We need the help of the Holy Spirit here all the time. It is only he who can, in the language of one of our beautiful Collects, help us to "*think* those things that are good, and then enable us to *perform* the same." But he can, as another of the Collects says, both "put into our hearts good desires, and give us grace to bring the same to good effect." The Spirit is given for this purpose. And if we seek and secure his help, we shall not only be able to do all that God requires, but we shall find comfort in doing it. The work of the Spirit is to give help and comfort to those who are trying to serve the blessed Saviour. And it is because he does this that he is so often called the Comforter. How many illustrations we find of the way in which the Spirit

does this part of his work! But we have only room for one.

"Blind Robert." Robert's mother was a poor widow. She had a large family of children. Robert was the youngest. His mother took in washing. His brothers and sisters all helped to support the family by working in one way or other. But poor blind Robert could not work. The only way in which he could help his mother was by carrying home the clothes for her when the washing and ironing were over. And it was a touching sight to see him with a large basket on his arm, full of clothes, and groping his way slowly and carefully along. But Robert had been taught by the Spirit to know and love the Saviour; and what help and comfort he found in him appears in the following conversation, between him and a gentleman who met him on the road one day.

After talking with him for a while about his mother and family, the gentleman asked him if it did not make him unhappy to think of being blind. For a moment, he looked sad; then he smiled, and said: "Sometimes I think it hard to have to creep about so. I should so like to look at the bright sun that warms me; and the sweet birds that sing for me; and the beautiful

flowers that feel so soft as I touch them. But God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me. I am glad that he did not make me deaf and dumb, too. I am glad that he gave me such a good mother. But, above all, I am so glad that he has taught me to know and love the blessed Saviour; for I find it such a help and comfort to think about him."

"And how does the Saviour help you?"

"Oh, sir, I pray to him; and then I seem to hear him say, 'I forgive you Robert; I love you, poor, blind boy! I will take away your evil heart and give you a new one!' And then I feel so happy; it seems to me as if I could almost hear the angels singing up in heaven."

"I am glad to hear this, Robert. And do you ever expect to see the angels?"

"Oh, yes, sir! When I die, my spirit will not be blind. *It is only my clay house that has no windows.* I can see with my mind now; and that, mother tells me, is the way they see in heaven. I heard mother reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven, and it said there is 'no night there.' But *here*, it is night to blind people all the time. Oh! sir, when I feel bad because I can't see, I think of Jesus and heaven, and that helps and comforts me."

This is a beautiful illustration of this part of the work of the Holy Spirit. It shows us how the Spirit helps and comforts us. It is by testifying of Jesus, or by teaching us to know what a precious Saviour he is and what glorious things he does for those who love him.

And now we have considered the three things about the coming of the Holy Spirit, mentioned at the beginning of this chapter. We have spoken of the *time* of his coming—on the day of Pentecost; the *manner* of his coming—*expected—sudden—startling*—and *abiding;* and we have spoken of the *purpose* of his coming; this led us to show *what the Spirit is*—he is a divine Person—one of the three Persons in the blessed Trinity; and *what the Spirit does.* His work is to *convert*—to *teach*—to *sanctify*, or make holy, —and *help and comfort* all the people of Christ.

Jesus left the great work to be done for his church, and by his church, in good hands, when he left it with the Holy Spirit.

Let us pray God to give us a larger measure of the Holy Spirit's presence and power in our hearts, and then we shall be holy and useful and happy!

THE APOSTLE PETER

IN our last chapter, we saw how the Spirit of God came down from heaven to carry on the work which Jesus left for his people to do after his ascension. And now, before leaving this subject, it is necessary to show what the Holy Spirit did to build up the Church on the foundation which Jesus had laid for it; and to make known to a world of lost sinners, the great salvation which he had prepared for them. The best way of doing this, would be to give a sketch of the lives and labors of the twelve apostles whom our Lord had chosen, and left behind him, to carry on the important work begun by him. But this would take more room than we can spare. There are only two numbers now remaining to finish this work. All that can be done, therefore, is to make choice of three of the principal apostles, and take their histories as fair specimens of the way in which

the work of building up the Church was carried on by them and their companions after Jesus, their great Master, had ascended into heaven.

The three selected for this purpose are the apostle Peter, the apostle John, and the apostle Paul. All will agree in regarding these as among "the very chief of the apostles." We begin then with

THE APOSTLE PETER.

And in considering the life of this great and good man, the two points of view from which we may look at it are *the facts of his history;* and *the lessons which it teaches.*

We begin then, with considering the facts of St. Peter's history, as mentioned in the New Testament. We shall not attempt to give all the facts woven into this history. It will be enough for our present purpose if the principal facts are stated. The first fact to notice about this good man is that he was a native of the city of Bethsaida, on the northern coast of the Sea of Galilee, and that his father's name was Jonas, or Jonah. The next thing known of him is that his occupation was that of a fisherman. It is a fact that he was first brought to Jesus by his brother Andrew, who had been one

of the disciples of John the Baptist. Jesus spoke kindly to him, and told him that his name should be changed from Simon, as he was then called, to Cephas, which is the Greek word for a rock, or a stone. The Latin word, that means the same thing, is the word Petrus. And so Cephas, or Peter, is the name by which he was afterwards called. St. John i: 41, 42; St. Matt. xvi: 18. It is a fact that he did not continue to follow Jesus, as one of his disciples, immediately after this first interview with him, but went back, for a while, to his old employment as a fisherman.

It is a fact that some time after this he was called by Jesus to be one of his disciples. It happened in this way:—One day, Jesus was standing on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. A crowd of people were pressing around him, to hear him preach. He wanted a convenient place from which to speak to them. Peter was near at hand, in his fishing-boat. Jesus stepped on board the boat, and asked Peter to push it out a little way from the land. He did so; and Jesus made a pulpit of that boat, and preached to the people, as they stood upon the shore of the lake. When the sermon was ended, Jesus told Peter to push the boat out into deep water

and let down the net, and he would catch a fine lot of fish. Peter said they had been fishing all night and had caught nothing. Still, he did as Jesus told him; and immediately they found more fish than their net would hold. This showed Peter the wonderful knowledge and power of Jesus. He felt afraid of him, and fell down at his feet, saying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" Jesus said unto him, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." St. Luke vi: 1-11. St. Matthew tells us that on this occasion Jesus said to Peter and his brother Andrew, "Follow me; and I will make you fishers of men." St. Matt. iv: 18, 19.

It is a fact that some time after this, Jesus chose out from the rest of his disciples Peter and eleven others, to be his twelve apostles. They were to be with him at all times, to hear his teachings, in private, as well as in public; to witness his miracles; and be prepared, in this way, to take up and carry on his work when he should return to heaven. We have the account of this in St. Matt. x: 2-4; St. Mark iii: 13-19; and St. Luke vi: 13-17.

It is a fact that in these different lists of the apostles, the name of Peter always stands first.

We are not told why this was so. One thing is certain, however, it was not because he was set above the rest of the apostles, or had any power or authority superior to what was given to the others. It was, probably, only because he was quicker to speak and more ready to act than his brethren were. Two occasions are mentioned in the gospels on which he did this. One of them was when some of the followers of Jesus were offended at his preaching. They went away and would not hear him any more. Then Jesus turned to his chosen twelve and said: "Will ye also go away?" Peter, speaking for the rest, immediately replied: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." St. John vi: 66-69.

The other occasion was when the disciples had returned from one of the missionary tours on which they had been sent. Jesus asked them what men said about him. Different answers were given to this question; but none of them were correct. Then he asked them what they thought about him. Peter at once, answering for the rest, said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This was a noble confession. It showed that Peter had very clear views of the character of Jesus and

of the work he came on earth to do. Jesus pronounced a blessing on him for this, and said: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." St. Matt. xvi: 18. There has been great difference of opinion among good Christian people about the meaning of these words of our Saviour. They cannot mean that Peter, in his person or in his office as an apostle, was to be the rock, or foundation, on which the Church of Christ was to be built. This is certain; because St. Paul tells us that there is only one foundation on which this Church is built, and that is Christ himself. I. Cor. iii: 11. There can be no doubt, I think, that what Jesus meant here was that the noble confession which Peter made on this occasion was the truth on which his Church was to be built. And this we know is the case.

It is a fact that Peter, with James and John, was present to see and hear what Jesus said, and did, and suffered, on several occasions when the other disciples were not present. One of these occasions was when he raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead. Another occasion was when Jesus appeared in such wondrous glory on the Mount of Transfiguration. And, in

striking contrast to this, when he sank to the earth, amidst the gloomy shades of Gethsemane, overwhelmed by the "agony and bloody sweat," Peter was one of the three chosen witnesses of that awful scene.

It is a fact that when he saw his Master walking on the water, he asked permission to come and meet him, by walking over the surface of the sea. Jesus gave him leave to come. He got out of the ship, and began that watery walk. But, when he saw the rough waves rising and swelling against him, his heart sank, his faith failed, and he was beginning to sink, when Jesus stretched forth his hand and saved him.

It is a fact that, on one occasion, Jesus sent Peter to the seaside with a fishing-line to catch a fish, in whose mouth he was to find the money required to pay the taxes due to the government for himself and his Master.

It is a fact that the night before the crucifixion of our Lord, Peter solemnly declared that he would never forsake his Master, though all the rest of his followers should do so; and, even though he should have to die for clinging to him. It is a fact, nevertheless, that he did forsake him that very night, and three times deny that he knew him; yea, even with oaths and

curses. It is a fact that, notwithstanding this, Peter was freely forgiven, on the morning of the resurrection, and restored to the place which he had forfeited, as one of the twelve apostles.

It is a fact that after the ascension of Jesus into heaven, Peter was the first to propose the election of another apostle to fill the place which had been left vacant by the death of the traitor Judas.

It is a fact that when the Holy Ghost came down on the day of Pentecost, Peter was the first of all the apostles to preach the gospel; and that three thousand souls were converted, as the result of one day's labor; and that, in all the work done in the earliest history of the new church, he was the principal preacher.

It is a fact that the first miracle of which we read in the history of the new church was performed by Peter. It was the miracle of healing the lame man, who was sitting at "the gate of the temple called Beautiful," when Peter and John were entering the temple, at the hour for evening prayer. Acts iii: 1-9.

It is a fact that when the apostles were forbidden by the Jewish rulers to preach in the name of Jesus, Peter was the first boldly to tell them to their faces, that they must "obey God,

rather than men"; and that, in spite of all that might be said, or done, to hinder them, they would go on, and preach "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Acts iv: 13-23.

It is a fact that as the first miracle of mercy in the early church was performed by this apostle, so was the first miracle of judgment. We read about this in Acts v: 1-10. It was before him that Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for the sin of lying and cheating.

It is a fact that the miraculous power of Peter was so great and so well-known that people laid their sick friends down in the streets along which he was walking, that his shadow might fall upon them, and heal them. Acts v: 15.

It is a fact that the first missionary journey undertaken, in the early church, was by this apostle.

It is a fact that in the course of this journey he healed a lame man, who had been confined to his bed eight years, with palsy. He also raised to life a good Christian woman, named Tabitha, or Dorcas. She lived at Joppa, and had spent her time in making garments for the poor. She was the founder of the first Dorcas society of which we have ever heard; and her

name has been connected with these excellent charities since then, all over the world. Acts ix: 32-43.

It is a fact that when the time came for the opening of the kingdom of heaven to the Gentiles, it was the apostle Peter who had the honor of performing this important act. He was the first minister of Christ who ever preached the gospel to a Gentile, and made to him the offer of eternal life. He did this when he preached to Cornelius, the Roman centurion, and received him into the church by baptism. We read about this great event in the tenth chapter of the Acts.

It is a fact that, after this, Peter was put in prison by Herod, who was persecuting the Christians. He had just put the apostle James to death and intended to do the same with Peter. But his friends united in earnest prayer to God for him; and God sent an angel, who struck off his chains, opened the prison door, and set him free. Acts xii: 1-20.

After this we have no clear account of the ministry of St. Peter. We only know that he spent the rest of his life in going about from place to place, preaching the blessed gospel of the great Master whom he loved so well.

It is a fact, however, that he wrote the two epistles which bear his name and which have been such a comfort and blessing to the church for more than eighteen centuries. And then, the last fact in his history is that he suffered martyrdom, by crucifixion, in the city of Rome. We have no definite information about the time when this event took place, or about the particulars connected with it. It is generally believed that the death of St. Peter occurred about the same time as that of the apostle Paul; and, that they both took place during the persecution that arose under the cruel and bloody emperor Nero. The tradition is that when St. Peter came to the place of execution, he requested to be crucified with his head downwards, because he felt that he was not worthy to suffer in the same way in which his great Master was put to death.

Here we have woven together more than twenty facts that make up the history of the apostle Peter.

The next thing for us to do is to notice some of the more important lessons taught us by this history.

The first lesson we may learn from the history of this apostle is, about—THE DANGER OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Solomon says, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Prov. xxviii: 26. By a man trusting in his own heart, he means, having too much self-confidence. And the folly of this sort of trust is seen in this, that it keeps us from seeking the help of God; and without this help, we are not able to resist temptation when it overtakes us; and then we are sure to fall. We see a striking illustration of this in the case of Peter. When Jesus told the disciples that they would all forsake him, Peter had such trust in his own heart—such confidence in himself,—that he said, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will I never forsake thee." And, when Jesus told him that, on that very night, he would deny him thrice, Peter, confidently, declared: "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." And, no doubt, he was perfectly honest in saying this. He meant just what he said. The trouble with him was that he did not know himself. He trusted too much in his own heart. His confidence in himself led him to neglect praying for the help and strength he would need when the temptation to deny his Master came before him.

And so, that very night, when Jesus was delivered into the hands of his enemies, and some

of those about him said to Peter,—"Thou art one of this man's disciples," his courage failed him. He not only denied that he was a follower of Jesus, but even declared, with oaths and curses, that he did not know him. Here we see the folly of self-confidence, of which Solomon speaks.

And how many illustrations of this self-confidence we meet with!

"The Folly of a Soldier's Self-Confidence." When the English commander, General Braddock, in the early history of this country, was leading his little army through Pennsylvania to attack the French fort DuQuesne, where Pittsburgh now stands, George Washington, then a colonel, was an officer in the general's staff. The French had enlisted the Indians on their side. Washington understood the mode of fighting which the Indians adopted. He knew their custom was to hide themselves in trees and fire upon their enemies without being seen.

As the English army was pursuing its march, not far from the fort they were to attack, they came to a dense forest through which they had to make their way. Washington knew that it was in just such a woody region that they might

expect to find the Indians. He told General Braddock what he feared and suggested that he should command the army to halt, and send forward some scouts to examine the woods and find out if there were any Indians there before marching through. But the general had so much confidence in himself and in his own way of managing his army that he refused to listen to Washington's advice.

The army entered the forest; but they had not gone far before they were fired upon from every side. The firing was kept up. The soldiers were falling to the ground, killed, or wounded; but no enemy was in sight, and no one could see where the firing came from. General Braddock and his chief officers were killed. The army was defeated; and Washington, the principal officer left alive, gathered their shattered ranks together; led them out from the woods and marched them back to the place from which they had started. The failure of that military enterprise, stands out on the page of history as a striking illustration of the folly of self-confidence.

"The Folly of a Sailor's Self-Confidence." The captain of a ship had brought his vessel to the entrance of the channel that leads to the

harbor of one of the principal seaport towns of Scotland. He had often sailed in and out of that harbor. He felt confident that he could take the vessel in himself. When the pilot came and offered his services, he said: "No, I'll be my own pilot. I know every rock in the channel. I am sure I can take the ship safely in."

He started on his way. It was blowing a gale at the time. But he had not got far before the ship was dashed against a hidden rock of which he did not know. The vessel went to pieces, almost in sight of the harbor, and the captain and his crew were all lost. Here we see the folly of self-confidence.

But we often see this folly even when it does not lead to such fatal results as followed in the illustrations already given. This is clearly shown in the following fable:

"The Owl That Thought He Could Sing."

"What in the world can bring so many people into the grove to hear the nightingales sing?" said a young owl to his mother.

The old owl didn't know and didn't care—she was busy watching a bat.

"I am sure I have as fine a voice as any nightingale and a good deal stronger."

"Stronger, certainly, my son," said the owl, blinking her eyes, for the bat had escaped.

"I shall go into the grove to-night, and give them a song," said the self-confident young owl.

The old owl opened her round eyes very wide, but said nothing.

So, when night came, and the hour for the sweet singing of the birds drew near, he flew heavily along and placed himself in a part of the grove where he could be seen and heard to the best advantage.

But the nightingales did not like the prospect either of his company or his help in their concert; so those of them who were going to sing flew away to another grove, while those who were to be quiet for the night kept snugly at roost.

"Where can the nightingales be?" said one of the people who had come to hear them.

Then the self-confident young owl set up a hoot so long and loud that it startled the people.

"That horrid creature has frightened them all away," said one. "Where's my gun? I'll soon fix him." The owl took the hint and without waiting till the gun appeared hastened back home.

Jesus Showeth Himself at the Sea of Tiberius

But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore: but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No. And he said and unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt *his* fisher's coat *unto him*, (for he was naked,) and did cast himself into the sea. As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught. . . . And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord. Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise. This is now the third time that Jesus shewed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead. —*St. John xxi: 4–7, 9, 10, 12–14.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Next in order of the recorded appearances is that by the Sea of Tiberius, whither the disciples had returned to await the promised meeting with their Master, the seven who were fishermen resuming meanwhile their former occupation. Disheartened and weary with a fruitless night's toil, they were returning homeward at dawn, when they perceived in the dim light the figure of one who had seemingly come down to the shore to buy their fish; and supposing from his words that he had noticed indications of a shoal, they readily followed his directions, laying out the net in the manner still in use on the lake. The success of the cast at once suggested its true cause, and Peter, standing naked in the boat after swimming round with the net to "ring" the fish, paused but a moment to gird on his short, striped abba, and once more leapt into the sea, eager to verify the glad surmise that the stranger was none other than the Master himself. The background of the picture is the shore of the lake to the north of Magdala with the Wady Hammâm and Kurn Hattîn in the distance.

"Your feathers are ruffled, my son," said the old owl. "Have you been singing?"

Then the foolish young owl told about his disgrace and his narrow escape from death.

"It is just what I expected," said his mother, "and I'm glad you are safe back."

"Then why did you let me go?" he asked.

"Because I saw you wouldn't mind what I said, and that nothing but experience would teach you the folly of thinking too much of yourself."

That young owl had reason to feel thankful that he had learned this lesson without any greater harm or loss to himself.

The first lesson from the history of this apostle is about the danger of self-confidence.

The second lesson from this history is about—

DELIVERANCE FROM TEMPTATION.

When we rise in the morning we can never tell what will happen to us before evening. But Jesus knows all about things before they come to pass. At the beginning of a day, or week, or month, or year, he has a clear view of all that can happen to the end of it. Early in the evening of the night on which he was betrayed, Jesus said to Peter: "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift

you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." St. Luke xxii: 31, 32. Looking forward through that sad and solemn night Jesus saw that Satan, the great enemy of souls, had laid a snare or prepared a temptation for Peter which, he thought, would ruin his soul forever. He had arranged things in such a way that Peter would be tempted to deny his Master, and would be most likely to yield to the temptation; and this was so great a sin that it would seem sure to prevent him from being one of the apostles, and cause him to lose his soul. And such would have been the result, no doubt, if Jesus had not seen this temptation coming, and had not prepared a way of escape in the very midst of it. He prayed for Peter, "that his faith might not fail." *And it was this prayer of Jesus that saved Peter.* For we read in the gospel that as soon as he had committed his great sin he was sorry for it. "*He went out and wept bitterly.*" And it was just here that the prayer of Jesus secured to Peter the grace that led him to true repentance; *and this was what saved him.* It was in this way that he was brought out of his temptation. We do not wonder, therefore, to find St. Peter using these comforting words in one of his epistles: "The Lord

knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." II. Peter ii: 9. He knew very well about this. He could speak from his own experience here. His history affords a beautiful illustration of this passage from his epistle. And as we are all exposed to temptation it will be a great help and comfort to us to remember that what Jesus did for Peter he can do for us.

"An Illustration from History." In an old English history, called "The Chronicles of Froissart," there is an account given of the escape of the garrison from a besieged citadel, which illustrates very well this part of our subject. An enemy's army had encamped before this citadel, for the purpose of taking it. They had completely surrounded it. It was impossible for anyone to go in or out of the place. The day was fixed for storming the fortifications and putting the garrison to death. The assault was made. The walls were mounted and the gates forced open; but no one was found within. What had become of them? On examining the place, it was found that through the solid rock, on which the fortress was built, a secret passage-way had been made. It led down under the walls, far away from the besieged citadel, out into the beautiful country beyond it. Thus

the soldiers and inhabitants of that fortress found "a way of escape" from the power of their enemies.

"An Illustration from Daily Life." A gentleman who lived in a small country town in England obtained a situation for his son, a promising young man, in one of the banks in the city of London. His father took him up to London and introduced him to the president of the bank and the other officers. On taking leave of his son, the father said: "Harry, my boy, you must be obedient, obliging, civil, and respectful; be attentive to your business and trustworthy. Above all things, never forget these four words—"*Thou, God, seest me.*" Harry promised his father, solemnly, to do as he had said. And he did so for awhile. He gained the confidence of all about him, and rose, by degrees, till he held one of the most responsible positions in the bank. Thousands of pounds passed through his hands every day. At last, temptation overtook him. The thought came into his mind how easy it would be to make himself rich by quietly taking some of this gold and silver, without anyone knowing it. He was frightened when this idea first entered his mind, and tried to put it away. But still it

would come back to him, again and again, till he ceased to be alarmed at it. Finally, it seemed to take full possession of him. He made up his mind to do it.

One evening, when all the others had left the bank, he remained behind, under pretence of finishing some business. He went to the vault and put in the keys. The heavy door flew open. But, just as he had reached out his hands, and grasped the money, his father's words—"Thou, God, seest me"—came into his mind. The money dropped from his hands, as if it had been red-hot iron. He fell on his knees and cried,—"O, God, save me from this temptation!" And God did save him. He put the money back, and closed the vault. Then he went to the president, and, with bitter cries and tears, confessed his fault and offered to resign his situation.

The president was a wise and good man. He said he would keep the secret to himself; and not allow him to give up his situation in the bank. But he told him to seek every day the help of that God who had delivered him from this great temptation.

He went back to his duties, feeling that he had no strength in himself, but firmly relying on the grace of God to "deliver him from evil,"

and remembering the great truth—"Thou, God, seest me."

Let us always remember this lesson from the history of St. Peter, about deliverance from temptation.

The third lesson we learn from this history is about—OVERCOMING PREJUDICE.

The word prejudice is made up of two Latin words. One of these means, to judge, or to form an opinion, or to make up our minds on any subject; and the other means, beforehand. And a person who has a prejudice, is one who has made up his mind about something before he understands it. When Nathanael first heard our Saviour spoken of as "Jesus of Nazareth," he asked: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He had a prejudice against it. He had made up his mind that nothing good could come out of it, before he really knew the place. And so the Jews and the Samaritans had a very great prejudice against each other. The Jews thought it impossible that there should be any good Samaritans, and the Samaritans thought it impossible that there should be any good Jews. But they were both mistaken. They had made up their minds on this subject before they understood it.

But perhaps there never was a stronger prejudice than that which the Jews had toward the Gentiles. They thought it was impossible for them to be saved; and they would never share any of their religious privileges with them. And as the apostle Peter was a Jew, he had this strong prejudice against the Gentiles. And how strong this prejudice was, we see from the great trouble taken to overcome it. When God wished to have Peter go and preach the gospel to the Gentiles, his prejudice against them was so strong, that three miracles had to be performed before that prejudice could be overcome and he be willing to obey God's command in this matter. We read about this in the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Peter was at Joppa, at this time, staying at the house of Simon the tanner, by the seaside. Here he had a vision. In the vision, he saw a great sheet, fastened by the four corners, and let down from heaven. In this sheet were all manner of four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. As he gazed on them, he heard a voice saying, "Rise, Peter, slay and eat." But many of these creatures were such as the Jews thought unclean. So Peter declined to do this, for he said that "nothing common,

or unclean, had ever entered his mouth." The same voice told him not to call anything unclean that God had cleansed. This was done three times; and all was taken up to heaven. Here was the first miracle performed to overcome the prejudice of Peter.

Just as this vision ended, three men came to the house of Simon, inquiring for Peter. They were sent by Cornelius, a Roman centurion, who lived at Cæsarea, on the seacoast, more than a day's journey from Joppa. Cornelius was trying to find out the way of salvation. He had prayed earnestly to God for direction. God had sent an angel to tell him to send to Joppa, and ask Simon Peter to come and preach the gospel to him, or to tell him how he was to be saved. This was the second miracle wrought on purpose to overcome the prejudice of Peter.

And while these men were inquiring for Peter, the Spirit of God spoke to him and told him to go with the men and do what they wanted him to do, because he had sent them. This was the third miracle that took place on this occasion. And thus the strong prejudice of Peter was overcome. He went with these men. He preached the gospel to a company of Gentiles. And when he saw the Holy Ghost

come down on them, in a visible form, as it had come down on the apostles, on the day of Pentecost, he baptized them, and received them into the church. And thus Peter had the honor of being the first minister of Christ who preached the gospel to the Gentiles. He first opened the door of the Christian church to them. The prejudice of Peter, if it had not been overcome, would have prevented him from being useful in this way.

And if we wish to be useful, and do the work God has for us to do, we must try to overcome our prejudices.

"A Lesson from a Pair of Shoes." There was a minister of the gospel once, who had a member of his church who was a shoemaker. He thought no one could be a Christian who did not think and feel just as he did. This interfered with his usefulness. His minister had often talked with him on the subject, but in vain. At last, he concluded to give him a lesson from his own trade, which he would not be likely to forget, and which he hoped would do him good. He did it in this way:

He sent for the shoemaker one day, and when he came in, he said, "I wish you to take my measure for a pair of shoes."

"I will do so with pleasure; please take off your boot."

The minister did so; and the shoemaker took his measure, put down the figures in his note-book, and was going away, when the minister said to him, "I want a pair of boots also for my son."

"Very good, sir. Can I take the young man's measure?"

"That is not necessary," said the pastor, "you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Please, your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"O yes, it will do very well. Make my shoes and my son's on the same last."

"That cannot be, your reverence. If a shoe is to fit it must be made on a last that is just the size of the person's foot who is to wear it."

"Is that so?" said the minister. "You say every pair of shoes must be made on their own last or they will not fit. And yet you think that God must make all Christians on *your* last; and if they do not think and feel just as you do you think they are not true Christians."

"I thank your reverence for this lesson," said the shoemaker. "I will try and remember it, and pray God to help me to overcome my prejudices."

This is a good lesson for us all to learn.

The last lesson of which we may speak, as taught us by the history of this apostle, is about—THE BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

When Jesus foresaw the great trial that was coming on Peter, during the night of his betrayal, he could easily have saved him from it if he had thought it best and wisest to do so. Before leaving the upper chamber in Jerusalem where he kept the Passover for the last time with his disciples, he could have sent Peter on some errand or could have given him something to do that would have occupied him till the next day. Then he would not have been exposed to the temptation of denying his Master. This could easily have been done. But Jesus did not do this. And the reason was he knew very well that though the trial would be very painful to Peter, and would cause him to shed many bitter and sorrowful tears, yet it would be useful to him in the end, and would help to make him a better minister than he could have been without it. It would show him his own weakness, and teach him how to sympathize with others in their troubles and to be kind and tender in his dealings with them. And this is what Jesus meant when he said to Peter after telling him about this coming trial:

"And when thou art converted, *strengthen thy brethren.*"

And no doubt Peter had this sorrowful event in his mind, and the benefit he had derived from it, when, in one of his epistles, he compares the trials through which God causes us to pass to the fire into which the jeweler puts his gold when he desires to have it purified. I. Peter i: 17. He was a more useful minister for having passed through this trial than he ever could have been without it. The benefit of it followed him through all his life. And this was the reason why Jesus did not save him *from* that trial, but saved him *in* it.

And in the same way God intends to do us good by all the trials through which he causes us to pass. It is not for *his* pleasure, but for our profit that these trials are allowed to come upon us; and the profit will surely follow if, as Paul says, we are rightly "exercised thereby."

It would be easy enough to give many illustrations of this important lesson, but there is room for only one. We may call it:

"The Marble-Block; or, The Sculptor's Lesson." "One of my scholars," says a Sunday-school teacher, "had a little sister who was lame. Her name was Annie. I often called to

see her, and pitied her as I saw her sitting by the window watching the other children on the playground. In addition to her lameness she was sometimes so sick that she could not sit at the window. One bright spring day I bought for her some oranges and candies and a pretty picture-book, and hoped to comfort her with these. I gave her the oranges and candies, and read to her from the little book; but still she seemed sad.

"'Why are you so sad to-day, Annie, dear?' I said.

"'Oh, ma'am,' she replied, 'I don't see why God should afflict me, and yet let other children be so well and happy. But if I only knew that God was not angry with me I shouldn't care so much.'

"I asked her to take a little walk with me. In the course of our walk I took her into the room of a sculptor whom I knew. Here were a number of beautiful marble figures and some blocks of rough marble. The artist was at work on one of these, and Annie and I watched him with great interest. Presently I pointed to a great rough, dark block of marble that stood in the middle of the room, and said: 'Do you like that, Annie?'

"'Oh, no,' she said, 'why did they bring such an ugly block here?'

"'That block,' said the artist, 'I shall begin to work upon to-morrow. Come in and see it again.'

"The next day Annie and I went in again. The artist spent most of that day in simply knocking off the rough places. Day after day we watched him; and every day the block seemed to grow less ugly. The sharp chisel cut here, and there, and everywhere. As we watched him we often thought if the block was alive and could feel how much it would suffer from the blows of that chisel!

"After a while the artist sent us an invitation to come to his studio. I took my little friend and went. As we entered, he said: 'I have something to show Annie.' Then he drew aside a thin, white veil, and behold! there stood before us, white as the driven snow, the beautiful image of an angel, that had been made out of that rough marble block. Annie shouted with joy when she saw it.

"'Now, Annie, dear," I said, 'do you think the sculptor hated that rough block of marble when he gave it so many hard knocks?'

"'Oh, no,' said she, 'he loved it; and every blow he gave showed his love for it.'

Jesus, His Work Accomplished, Ascends Into Heaven

And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.—*St. Luke xxiv: 50, 51; Acts i: 10, 11.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

"And he led them out as far as to Bethany," passing through the streets of the city, thronged with busy crowds, who knew not that Jesus of Nazareth passed by. Over the ridge of Olivet there is a path leading to Bethany, and following this the traveller reaches a secluded spot on the further slope of the hill, and within sight of the home that Jesus had known and loved; and he pauses in reverence, for these silent stones may have witnessed the crowning scene of the world's Redemption—Jesus, son of God and son of Man, received up to Heaven, a cloud of adoring angels concealing from mortal gaze his entrance through the everlasting doors into the presence of the Father.

"'And so, my dear child,' said I, 'does God love us. And the trials which he sends on us are the proofs of his love. As the sculptor was trying to make this image of an angel out of the marble block, by every blow he gave it, so God, by all the afflictions of this life, is fitting us to be like the angels in the heavenly kingdom.'

"'Now, I shall never feel sad on account of my lameness,' said Annie. 'To think that this is a proof of God's love will always make me happy.'"

Let us remember these four lessons when we think of the history of the apostle Peter. The lesson about *self-confidence*—about *deliverance from temptation*—about *overcoming prejudice*—and about *the benefit of trials*.

We may close this subject with the Collect for All Saints' Day: "O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ, our Lord: grant us grace so to follow thy blessed saints, in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love thee; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL

IN the original plan of this work, it was intended to have a separate chapter for each of these two noble workers in the cause of Christ. But room for this fails. All that can be done is to give a brief sketch of each in this closing chapter.

We have now to speak of the apostle John. Most of the pictures that have been made of this apostle, represent him as looking more like a woman than a man. But we shall find that there was no authority for this when we come to see what his real character was.

He is supposed to have been born in Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. This town was situated on the western shore of the sea of Galilee, or the lake of Tiberias, at the upper part of the lake. His father's name was Zebedee, and his mother's, Salome. We know nothing more of Zebedee than that he was a fisherman,

the husband of Salome, and the father of James and John. Salome, the mother of John, we often read of afterwards, as one of those good women who followed our Lord through the different scenes of his ministry, and were a great help and comfort to him. John is supposed to have been younger than his brother James, who is generally mentioned first when they are spoken of together. They are referred to, as "James and John, the sons of Zebedee." John was probably the youngest of all the apostles. It is said, that he was younger than the Saviour himself, having been born in the year four, Anno Domini, or when Jesus was four years old.

The family of this apostle is supposed to have been better off in regard to property than any of the other apostles. This is evident from several things mentioned about him and his family. One thing which shows this is that when John and his brother James were called from their business as fishermen, to follow Christ, we are told that "they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the *hired servants.*" St. Mark i: 20. Andrew and Peter were too poor to have hired servants. They had to do all their own work. But Zebedee could afford to hire help for himself and sons. And then, at

the time of our Saviour's trial, the servants who kept the door of the judgment hall, in which the trial took place, allowed John to enter the hall, because they knew he was acquainted with the high priest. St. John xviii: 16. And then when Jesus left his mother in the charge of John, while hanging on the cross, we are told, that from that day, "he took her to his own home." St. John xix: 27. John had a home of his own at Jerusalem. From all this, it seems clear that the family of this apostle were better off in worldly things than were the families of the other apostles.

Now we may just glance at *what John's character was by nature*, or before he was a Christian; and *what it was by grace, or after he became a Christian.*

From what we read of this apostle in the gospel history, we see that there were three things in John's natural character which show that he was not the weak, womanly sort of man he is represented to have been in most of the pictures that have been made of him.

For one thing, it is clear that John was naturally *an ambitious man.* This is evident from the request to Jesus by John and his brother James, through their mother, that they might

have the highest places in his kingdom. St. Matt. xx: 20-23. Their mother made the request. But she probably consulted them about it first. And if they had not agreed in it, she would not be likely to have done it. This shows that they were all ambitious together. And so we are right in saying that John was ambitious. He wanted the best place in Christ's kingdom for himself, without thinking whether others might not be better fitted for it. Our Saviour's reply shows that he was wrong in giving way to this ambitious feeling. But then this shows that there was a good deal of strength in John's natural character. He was ambitious.

And then he was *narrow-minded*, as well as ambitious in his natural character.

Persons of this character are accustomed to think that all those who think, or feel, or act differently from what they do, must certainly be wrong. And this was the way John felt when he first became a disciple of Christ. He came to Jesus one day and said, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." Jesus rebuked him for giving way to his narrow-mindedness, or bigotry, or uncharitableness. It was wrong for him to think that no one could

be doing good, or be serving God acceptably, unless it was done in just the same way in which he was doing it. This was a wrong feeling to have, but it shows there was a good deal of decision and strength about John's natural character.

And then another thing about John before he became a Christian, was that he was *an angry, or passionate man.* As Jesus was going up to Jerusalem on one occasion, in the company of his disciples, they came to a Samaritan village.

When the Samaritans in the village found that he was going to Jerusalem, it stirred up all their prejudice against the Jews, and they refused to receive him. They would not let him stop for rest or refreshment. This made the disciples very angry, and John and his brother James showed their anger by saying, "Lord, wilt thou that we call down fire from heaven, to consume them, as Elias did?" St. Luke ix: 51-57. But Jesus rebuked them, and showed them that this was not the right spirit for his disciples to have.

These traits of John's natural character, although they are not to be approved or admired, yet show that he was a man of a good

deal of force of character, and very different from what his pictures represent him to have been. But when we turn from considering what he was by nature, or before he became a Christian, and think of what he was by grace, or after he became a Christian, we see a wonderful change. The apostle Paul tells us, "that if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away, and all things have become new." And it was so with this apostle. When he learned to know and love Christ, the old things about his character passed away, and all things became new. After this we see no more of his ambition, of his narrow-mindedness, or of his passion.

The one thing that marked his character as a Christian was *love*. He seemed to get nearer to Jesus than any of the other disciples. And it is always the case, that the nearer we get to Jesus and the more we learn to know him, the more we shall love him. John's love to Christ seemed to take entire possession of him. It filled his whole soul. And so we think of him as the *apostle of love*. He is spoken of particularly as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." It was he who sat nearest to his Lord and leaned on his bosom at the last Passover. Peter was

great for his readiness in serving Christ; Paul was great for the learning and the labor with which he served his Master; but John was great in the love for that Master, which ran through all he did. And this great love made him useful both *in his life* and *in his writings*.

It made him useful in his life. There is nothing that will lead to such earnest and devoted labor as this principle of love. We know but little of the life of this loving apostle after the ascension of Christ. We have no report of his missionary journeys, as we have in the case of the apostles Peter and Paul. But we know he was so earnest in the cause of his Master that he was sent a prisoner to the island of Patmos to stop his labor, but in vain. He was willing to be an exile, a prisoner, and, as some say, a laborer in the mines, but he was not willing to give up working for his Master. Tradition tells us that he had to take his choice between stopping his work for Jesus and being thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil. He could not cease from his work. He was thrown into the boiling oil; but came out uninjured and kept on with that work which his love constrained him to do. He lived the longest of all the apostles, and was the only one of them who

died a natural death. And in the closing days of his life, when too feeble to do anything else, we are told that he used to be carried into the church at Ephesus, where his latest labors had been performed, and, standing up in the midst of the congregation, would stretch forth his trembling hands and say, "Little children, love one another." What a beautiful close to the life of this loving apostle! Truly his love made him *useful in his life.*

And then it made him *useful in his writings, too.* Think of the gospel of St. John. How different it is from all the others! John's love for Jesus seemed to bring him nearer to his great heart of love than the rest of the brethren. We are not surprised, therefore, to see that love speaking out more clearly and fully in his writings than it does anywhere else. It is only John who gives us that wondrous statement, that glorious, golden epitome of the gospel which is found in the sixteenth verse of his third chapter—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And then think of the marvellous discourses of our Saviour found in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of this gospel;

and of that most sublime and wonderful prayer of Jesus, for all his people, found in the seventeenth chapter. O, no one can tell what an unspeakable loss the Church of Christ would have sustained if this loving apostle had not written his precious gospel!

And then how useful he has been in his epistles, too, as well as in his gospel! Love is the golden thread that runs through them all. Look at the opening words of the third chapter of his first epistle. How the very heart of the loving disciple seems to be speaking out when he exclaims: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" It is remarkable that the two shortest verses in the whole Bible, and yet two among those that most melt, and stir our hearts, were written by this apostle. One of these is in his gospel and contains only two words—"*Jesus wept.*" The other is in one of his epistles and contains only three words—"*God is love.*" If he had never written anything else than these two verses, how well it might be said that he was useful in his writings!

And then think of that marvellous book with which the Bible closes. We call it "The Revelation of St. John the Divine." For,

although it is true that there is much in this book that we cannot understand, yet its opening and closing chapters have been an unspeakable blessing to the Church in all ages. When St. John closes the Bible with those last two chapters of the Revelations, it seems as if he had been permitted to leave the gates of heaven ajar on purpose that we might gaze through them in wondering awe. Those jewelled walls; those pearly gates; those golden streets; that river of the water of life, clear as crystal; and all the sparkling imagery employed by this loving apostle in what he here tells us about heaven, how can we sufficiently thank God for permitting his servant John to write such glorious things for us? Truly we may say that his love made him useful in his life and useful in his writings!

I know not how better to close this brief sketch of the life of St. John the Evangelist than by quoting here the words of that beautiful Collect which our Church uses on the day with which his memory is connected:

"Merciful Lord, we beseech thee to cast thy bright beams of light upon thy church, that it, being instructed by the doctrine of thy blessed Apostle and Evangelist, St. John, may so walk

in the light of thy truth, that it may at length attain to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Praise, for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead bore;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed;
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be sealed."

THE APOSTLE PAUL.

It would require a large volume to consider fully and properly the character and work of this apostle. We have only space to take a hasty glance at the subject. But even this, it is hoped, may prove useful to those who read it.

St. Paul spoke of himself as "the least of all the apostles." I. Cor. xv: 9. It was natural and proper enough for him to think lowly of himself. But he stands alone in this opinion. Nobody agrees with him here. We all love to think and speak of him as—"the *great* apostle of the Gentiles." When first converted, he began his ministry by preaching to his own countrymen, the Jews. But finding their prejudices against "Jesus of Nazareth," were so strong that they would not listen to him, he changed his course and turned to the Gentiles. And well he may be called—"the great apostle."

He was great in every view we can take of him. Let us notice now, as briefly as we can, some of the elements of greatness about this apostle.

In the first place, he was *great in the natural talents* that it pleased God to give him. He had a stronger, clearer mind than any other of the apostles. He could take hold of the greatest subjects brought before him and handle them and master them with wonderful power. He had great reasoning powers. He could argue and reason about anything in the grandest way. And then he had great powers as a speaker. He was marvellously eloquent. See what an illustration we have of this in his famous speech on the top of Mar's Hill, in the city of Athens, as we read it in Acts xvii: 16-32. We have another illustration of this in his speech before Agrippa, in Acts, twenty-sixth chapter. I would gladly give anything I have in the world to have enjoyed the privilege of hearing Paul deliver that speech. When Agrippa interrupted him by saying, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;" only think how touching it must have been to see Paul lift up his chained hands towards heaven and say with the tenderest feeling—"I would to God, that not only *thou*, but also all that hear me this day, were both

The Church of Jesus Christ

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world. Amen.—*St. Matt. xviii: 20; xxviii: 20.*

NOTE BY THE ARTIST

Yet this is not the close of the Great Story, and the painter's work is incomplete unless he endeavors to visualize the Truth, that, as the Master has promised, his presence and his blessing are with his faithful worshipers even unto the end of the world. The picture represents no special people or period, and the Byzantine architecture most fitly symbolizes One, Universal Church, of which Jesus Christ is the Founder and the Head.

almost, and altogether such as I am; except these bonds!"

He was great in *his early opportunities.* He was born at Tarsus, and had a better education than any of the other apostles. His family were well off. It is no argument against this to say that he was a tent-maker by trade. For it was customary among the Jews, even with the richest families, to teach their sons some useful trade. Paul went through the best schools that were to be had then. He had studied all about history, and philosophy, and poetry. And he was learned also in all matters concerning the religion of the Jews. He tells us himself that he was "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel"—who was, at that time, the most famous of all their teachers.

He was *great* in his *prejudices.* He was a real Jew in this respect. They all had very strong prejudices against people who differed from them in their religion. But Paul was stronger in his prejudices than even his countrymen were. We see this in the first mention that is made of him in the New Testament. This was at the death of the first martyr, St. Stephen. The wicked men who stoned him, we are told, "laid down their clothes at the feet of a young

man whose name was Saul." And then we see the strength of his prejudice in the fierceness of the persecution which he carried on against the followers of Jesus. He "breathed out threatenings and slaughter" against them. He was "exceeding mad against them." Not content with imprisoning and putting to death those who lived in Jerusalem, he "persecuted them even unto strange cities." Furnished with letters from the chief priests, he went as far as Damascus, that he might seize and bring bound to Jerusalem any of the followers of Jesus found there. How unlikely it seemed that one who was so very strong in his prejudices should ever, himself, become a follower and an apostle of Jesus!

But he was *great in his conversion.* It was impossible for him to be converted as other men were. It is hearing about Jesus which leads to the conversion of men. But Paul would not listen to the preaching of the gospel. He would allow no one to speak to him about Jesus of Nazareth. He believed that he was a wicked impostor, and he hated him most bitterly. And so it pleased God to work a miracle for his conversion. He had gone on his journey, till he had nearly reached Damascus, when

a marvellous scene occurred. Suddenly the heavens seemed to open above him. A light shone around him above the brightness of the sun. A strange voice was heard speaking to him. It came from heaven. The words it spoke were—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me!" He gave one look at the opening heavens and then fell overpowered to the earth. "Who art thou, Lord!" was his astonished inquiry. And the answer, more astonishing still, was—"I am *Jesus* whom thou persecutest!" What a revelation that was to him! How overwhelming was his amazement! No wonder that he was converted by that vision. It was indeed a great conversion. He was baptized by Ananias at Damascus, and began at once to preach that gospel which he had gone there hoping to destroy. Such was the commencement of Paul's life as a Christian and his labors as an apostle. Everything about it was great.

And then he was *great in his privileges.* He saw the risen and ascended Lord amidst the glories of the heavenly world. What a privilege this was! It was a privilege which none of the other apostles enjoyed except St. John. We have an account of his vision of the glorious Saviour in the first chapter of the Revelation,

verses 10-20. And then afterwards, St. Paul was taken up into the third heavens, or into Paradise, and saw and heard things of which it is not lawful or possible to speak. He had broader and fuller and clearer views of the great doctrines of our holy religion than any of the apostles. And this is one of the greatest privileges we can have in this world. We see the proof of Paul's privileges in this respect in all the blessed teachings he has given us in his epistles about Christ and his salvation.

He was *great in his labors.* When he found out the great mistake he had made respecting Christ, and learned to know and love him as the one, only glorious Saviour of lost sinners, the love for Christ kindled in his soul by this discovery constrained him to give himself a living sacrifice to him. And the burning zeal with which he began to work for his Saviour never grew cold. The apostles were all earnest in their labors for Jesus; but Paul was the most earnest and the most untiring of them all. In his case, it was indeed true, that the last became first. No one city or country was large enough to be the field of his labors. He went from city to city, and from country to country, till he had gone all over the world as it was then

known. And when he had gone all over the earth once, preaching the gospel, he was not satisfied. When one missionary journey was ended, he began another; and then another, and so on to the end of his days. Then he sealed his life's labors with his blood, and died a martyr's death at Rome by order of the cruel emperor Nero. The tradition is that he was beheaded outside of the walls of that great city. And on the spot which is said to be the place of his death, there stands a beautiful church, called after him, and which is a monument to his memory.

How well it may be said of him that he was great in his labors. And yet the Saviour, whom he served so faithfully, had done nothing for him which he has not done for you and me. He bore the same cross, and shed the same precious blood for us, that he did for Paul. Then, in our labors for Jesus, let us try to follow Paul, as he followed Christ. If we try to catch Paul's spirit, whoever we are, or wherever we may be, we shall find it easy and pleasant to work for our blessed Master. Here is an illustration of what I mean. We may call it:

"Paul's Spirit in a Child." A little girl had great dislike for sewing. She had commenced

making a bed-quilt, but was not likely to finish it soon. One day she came home from Sabbath-school. They had been having a missionary-meeting there, and she was full of zeal in the missionary cause. "Mamma," she asked, "can't I do some work to earn money for our missionary box?"

"Well, Lizzie, darling," said her mother, "if you will finish one block for the quilt, every other day, I will gladly pay you for it, and you can give this as your own offering to the missionary cause."

Poor Lizzie's face grew sad on hearing this; for she disliked this kind of work very much. It seemed as if her missionary spirit was likely to die out at once. But, after thinking over it a little while, her face brightened up and she said, "Well, mamma, I'll piece blocks, or do anything else you wish me to do, for Jesus' sake. Amen." That quilt was soon finished, and there is now an earnest, active little worker for missions in that home. This was Paul's spirit in a child. And if we get that spirit, it will make us all, like Paul, great in our labors for Christ.

But Paul was *great in his sufferings,* too, as well as in his labors.

Before he became a Christian he had the prospect of rising to a position of great honor and great profit in connection with the Jewish church. But he gave this all up at the time of his conversion. He tells us that, "what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." Phil. iii: 7, 8. There is something very touching in the record which this great apostle has left us of his sufferings for Christ. He speaks of himself as having been—"In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice I was beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." II. Cor. xi: 23-28. What a marvellous record of sufferings we have here! There is perhaps nothing

like it to be found in the whole history of the Church of Christ. And yet the apostle never had a word of complaint to make. The spirit in which he bore his sufferings for Christ is beautifully illustrated in the glimpse we have of him in the prison at Philippi. His back had been torn with cruel scourges. His feet were made fast in the stocks. We might have expected that he would spend that night in sighing and crying. But, instead of this, we read that—"At midnight, Paul and Silas,"—his companion in labor and suffering—"prayed, and sang praises to God." Acts xvi: 25. Surely this should make us ashamed of complaining on account of any trifling suffering we may have to bear in the cause of our great Master. And Paul had no relief from these sufferings. He went on bearing them cheerfully to the very close of his life. How was he able to do this? There is only one answer to give to this question. It was his love for Jesus that made him so willing to labor and to suffer for him. And if we love Jesus, we should be willing to suffer for him, too.

Here is a striking illustration of the way in which real love will make one willing to suffer even for a friend or fellow-creature. We may call it:

"Love Triumphing Over Suffering." Some years ago a fine church was built in one of the towns in Belgium. It was all finished at last, except the fastening of the weather-vane on the top of the steeple. The scaffolding was not high enough to reach it. There was no way in which the work could be done, but for one workman to stand on the highest part of the scaffolding and let the other workman stand on his shoulders, while he put the vane on the steeple, and soldered it in its place. A brave-hearted, broad-shouldered workman agreed to stand there for this purpose. He took his position, holding on to a piece of scaffolding. His companion climbed up and stood on his shoulders. The vane and vessel of melted lead were handed up to him. It was a perilous thing to do. A crowd of spectators below watched the operation almost breathless with anxiety. The moments seem like hours, as the work goes on. At last it is done. The men come down amidst the shouts of the multitude. But, when the brave man who had borne his friend on his shoulders reached the bottom of the ladder, he fell exhausted to the earth, and had to be carried home. Then it was found that the poor fellow's back was in a dreadful state.

While the man was doing his work on the vane, some of the melted lead had dropped down on the friend who was supporting him. But he stood bravely still. He would not move an inch, for that would have caused the death of his companion. Here was love triumphing over suffering. And if that brave man was willing to bear all this for his earthly friend, what should we not be willing to bear for Christ, "the friend who sticketh closer than a brother?"

In the next place the apostle Paul was *great in his influence.* Suppose we could have a history written of all the persons who were converted by the preaching of this apostle during his life; and then of all who were converted by them, and so on, from one generation to another, down to our own times, what a wonderfully interesting history that would be! Or suppose we could trace out, in the same way, all the good that has been done by the writings of this apostle; the persons who have been brought to Jesus by reading the truths found in those writings, or who have been instructed, or guided, or comforted, encouraged, and helped by the same—how surprising it would be! Then we should see, indeed, how great this influence has been!

There are twenty-one epistles in the New Testament. Of these the apostle Paul wrote fourteen. They form a large part of the New Testament. Now, suppose we could take these epistles of St. Paul, chapter by chapter, and follow every verse in each chapter as it has gone round the world from age to age, and find out every case where good has been done to any soul, what a history we should have! No one could write such a history now. But I suppose we shall have such a history set before us when we get to heaven. Then, we shall understand better than we can do now how great the apostle Paul was, in the influence for good which he exerted. But, though none of us can be compared at all with this great man, yet, if we are trying, like him, to love and serve the blessed Saviour, we may all, even to the youngest, be exerting influence for good that will last forever. Here is an illustration of what I mean. We may call it:

"A Child's Influence for Good." Bessie was a sweet little girl who was trying to love the Saviour. The nursery in which she slept was on the first floor of the house adjoining the street. It was summer time when the incident here referred to took place. Her mother was

sitting near the open window one evening, when Bessie knelt down by her side to say her evening prayer. She first repeated, after her mother, the words that she taught her to use in prayer. After this she was in the habit of offering up little prayers of her own for anything she wished to ask from her Father in heaven. She did so on this occasion; and these were the last words she had to offer: "God help everybody to love Jesus. Amen." While Bessie was saying her prayers that evening her mother heard the steps of some one passing. He lingered a moment under the window and listened to the words of the dear child. It happened that this was a neighbor of theirs, an infidel, whose name was Jones. The closing words of Bessie's prayer made a deep impression on his mind. After this he manifested the greatest interest in her, though he always said that what she prayed for never could take place; for he was certain that *he*, for one, never could be a Christian.

Not long after this Mr. Jones was taken sick. He had a long and severe spell of illness. As he was living in a boarding house, and had no family of his own, Bessie's mother used to send the dear child in every day to inquire

how he was and to take him little things that he might need. He would allow no one to speak to him on the subject of religion; but Bessie's father and mother hoped that her gentle ways and simple loving words might do him good.

A week or two had passed away, and one night, as Bessie's mother was putting her to bed—she said: "Mamma, Mr. Jones loves Jesus now."

A few days after this they heard that their sick neighbor was near his end. Taking her little one by the hand the kind mother went in to see him. They found that he was dying. As Bessie sat on her mother's lap, by the side of his bed, the sick man died; but just before his spirit passed away, these were the last words heard from his lips: "God, help everybody to love Jesus—*everybody.*"

And so dear Bessie's words were the means which God employed to save a soul from death. And if a little child can exert such an influence as this, then we see how, by loving and serving Jesus, we may all make ourselves useful. We may so live that every act and word may be a good seed sown that will yield fruit unto everlasting life.

"Not ourselves, but the truths that in life we have spoken,
Not ourselves, but the seed that in life we have sown,
May pass on for ages—all about us forgotten,
Save the truth we have spoken, the things we have done.

"So let our living be—so be our dying;
So let our names lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised, and unmissed, we shall yet be remembered;
But only remembered by what we have done."

The apostle Paul was great in his influence.

And then, as the only other point to speak of, he was *great in his reward.*

This is true of all God's people who serve him faithfully. David, when speaking of God's words, or commandments, tells us that "in keeping of them there is *great reward.*" Ps. xix: 11. When St. Paul had reached the close of his life, he paused to look back upon the past, and then forward to the future; and as he did so, these are the words that he used: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." II. Tim. iv: 6-9. We learn

from this passage that there is a crown in heaven prepared for every follower of Jesus. These crowns are procured or purchased by what Jesus did and suffered for us. But they will be very different in the number and character of the jewels that are to sparkle in them. And how many jewels, and what kind of jewels your crown, or my crown, will have must depend upon how much we do for Jesus. I suppose the apostle Paul will have the most beautiful crown that any of the servants of Jesus will wear. He was greater in his labors, in his sufferings, and in his influence for good than others—and his reward will be greater. He will have more jewels in his crown than will be found in any other; and they will sparkle with more brightness and beauty. But none will envy him. We shall all feel that he is worthy of it, and we shall rejoice to see him wear it.

But let us remember that every work we do for Jesus, and every sacrifice we make for him, will put another jewel in our crown. Then let us try to serve him faithfully with all our hearts, and we may be sure that we shall receive a great reward. I close with just one little incident, to show how we may add jewels to our crowns. We may call it:

"A Star in the Crown." A young lady was standing before a large mirror, preparing to go to a ball. She had just placed a light crown on her head, ornamented with silver stars. While she stood there, looking at herself in the glass, her little sister, about five years old, climbed upon a chair, and putting out her tiny fingers, tried to touch the beautiful crown. "What are you doing, Nellie, darling? You mustn't touch my crown," said her sister.

"I was *looking* at that and *thinking* of something else," was the little one's reply.

"Pray tell me, Nellie, what you were thinking about?"

"I was remembering what my teacher said last Sunday. She told us that if we brought sinners to Jesus by our influence, we should win stars for our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown, I wished I could save some soul."

These simple words that Nellie spoke took a strong hold of her sister's feelings. She went to the ball that night, but felt little interest in it. She had no heart for the music or the dancing, and was truly glad when all was over.

On reaching home she went to Nellie's room. There she lay, sleeping sweetly. She stooped

and kissed her loving lips; and then, kneeling down by the side of her bed, she asked God to forgive her for the giddy, careless life she had been living. She gave herself to Jesus then and there, and prayed for grace to live henceforth for him and for heaven.

Then she kissed Nellie again and said, "Precious darling, you have won one star for your crown!" God help us all to win many stars for our crowns!

Thus we have taken a hasty view of this great apostle. We have seen that he was great in his natural talents; great in his opportunities; great in his prejudices; great in his conversion; great in his privileges; great in his labors; great in his sufferings; great in his influence; and great in his reward.

And now this work is done. I thank God, with all my heart, for permitting me to engage in it, and for helping me to get through with it. It humbles me in the dust to think how utterly unworthy it is of the glorious Saviour to whom it refers. But I know he is pleased to work by feeble means. He puts the treasure of the gospel in earthen vessels, on purpose that "the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." My earnest prayer is that he

will graciously accept it as a tribute of grateful love from one of the least and most unworthy of his followers; that he will pardon all the mistakes and imperfections connected with it; and bless it, notwithstanding, and make it useful. And if it shall prove helpful to Christian parents and teachers in training their children for Jesus; and if the young who read these pages shall find anything here to aid and encourage them in trying to know and love and serve the blessed Saviour, I shall feel that the time and labor spent upon this work have not been in vain! AMEN!

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